

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL JACOBS,

led by Major Turner, will
ownsville, Sat., Sun., and
eb. 23, 24, 25.

ut Colonel Mrs. Read

it Rat Portage, Thurs., Feb.
mpag. Sat., Sun., and Mon.
2, 3, 4; Portage la Prairie,
arch 6; Brandon, Thurs.,
7; Calgary, Sun. and Mon.,
10, 11; Vancouver, Thurs. to
arch 14 to 17; Rossland, Wed.,
20; Nelson, Thurs., March 21;
Sun. and Mon., March 24,
te, Fri. to Mon., March 29 to

. Q. Specials for Siege Sunday, Feb. 24th.

SIDE, Brigadier Friedrich,
Capt. Morris, and Ensign
St. Major Collier and Staff.
Manton.
ST., Staff-Captain Creighton
Ensign Arnold.
TON II., Staff-Capt. Page.
COURT, Adj. Atwell.
TON, Ensign Easton.
A, Capt. French.

tral Ontario Province.

QUARTERS STAFF BAND
at Riverside, on Monday, Feb.

MAJOR TURNER

at Oshawa, Tues., Feb. 26;
Wed., Feb. 27; Lindsay,
th., and Mon., March 2, 3, 4;
Fallis, Tues., March 5; Co-
Wed., March 6; Owen Sound,
n., and Mon., March 9, 10, 11;
ille, Tues., March 12.

CAPT. and MRS. STANYON

it Lippincott St., Sun., Feb. 24;
St., Fri., Sat., and Sun., March
Yorkville, Sun., March 10.

est Ontario Province.

SOUL-SAVING TROUPE will
rayton, February 19 to 25;
ton, Feb. 26 to March 4; Lis-
farch 5 to 11; Wingham, Mar.
; Chilton, Mar. 19 to 25; Sea-
lar, 26 to April 1; Stratford,
to 5.

orth-West Province.

MAJOR SOUTHAALL

at Regina, Wed., Feb. 29;
law, Thurs., Feb. 21; Calgary,
d Sun., Feb. 23, 24; Leth-
Thurs. and Wed., Feb. 26, 27;
e Hat, Thurs. and Fri., Feb.
ch 1.

Pacific Province.

MAJOR HARGRAVE

at Victoria, Thurs. and Fri.,
22; Nanaimo, Sat. and Sun.,
24; Kamloops, Tues., Feb.
elstoke, Wed., Feb. 27; Ross-
l., March 1; Nelson, Sat., Sun.,
n., March 2, 3, 4; Fernie, Tues-
sd., March 5, 6; Kamloops,
March 21; Great Falls, Sat.
n., March 23, 24; Billings,
nd Wed., March 26, 27; Living-
urs., March 28; Bozeman, Fri.,
29; Helena, Sat., Sun., and
farch 30, 31, April 1; Butte,
nd Wed., April 2, 3; Dillon,
April 4; Missoula, Fri., April

IRTAANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

MISSIONER will simply appreciate any offer of
food, clothing, or suitable beds for the shelter of
Homeless. Friends should be addressed (give address)
Shawing Homeless—
Child Home for Children, 401 Foster Ave., Toronto.
Laid Home, 401 Yonge St., Toronto.
For Women's Home, 401 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.
Rescue Home, 214 Avenue Ave., Jackson, Ont.
and, of St. James St., St. John, N.B.
all, 401 St. Andrew St., Montreal, P.Q.
n., and York St., Windsor.
e, 71 Windsor St., Hamilton, N.Y.
ranger, 100 Cook St., Lake, Ont.
in Home, 101 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
e, 101 Main St., St. Catharines, Ont.
Jette Home, 100 West Copper St., Butte, Mont.
A.
one, 100 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
and, 101 Lomb St., Vancouver, B.C.
11, 101 Warden St., Women's Home, at St. Catharines,
Ont., P.Q.

THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year, No. 22

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1901

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



A PEACEMAKER'S WORK.

(See article on page 9.)

A Reconciliation Story.

"No, it is utterly useless to talk, or even to think about it. I could never in the world be reconciled to disfigure my self so abominably!"

Thus, Mrs. Matternly, with emphasis, it was by no means a fresh subject with her. She had known the Army for several years; she had been friendly disposed to it from the first; had stood steadily for it against misconception; had long been a constant attendant and participant in its meetings, and for at least a couple of years had understood perfectly well that God demanded of her the obedience of a Salvation Army soldier.

Mrs. Matternly was an honest soul. She never from the first made the slightest pretense of misunderstanding God's will in the matter; she acknowledged to herself and to others with perfect freedom that her soul was ill at ease as a result, but while confessing all this with utmost frankness, Mrs. Matternly confessed also something else which was to her of extreme importance.

She Looked Like a Fright

in the Salvation Army bonnet! This agonizing fact she had discovered early in her association with the Army. "No," she said, whenever the Captain broached the subject—which you may be sure, was often enough, "No, I am not a court beauty by a considerable lot, but I do at least want to look as attractive as possible to my own family. Why, once when I put Captain Whiston's bonnet on here, my little Herbert came into the room, and positively, I was such a sight I thought the dear little fellow would go off in a convulsion before I could get it off."

All arguments had no effect, for the fact was, Mrs. Matternly herself didn't like the look of the bonnet on her head. Such was the state of affairs when Captain Newcome came to the corps. Mrs. Matternly continued the warm friend of the Army she had always been; attended meetings, helped generously in all manner of ways, confessed her convictions and ably shook her head at the bonnet.

Fondling a Fresh Assault

upon the good lady's prejudices.

There was a sharp edge in the air as the Captain charged out of a tenement where she had been visiting, and as she passed down the narrow alley leading to the street, she drew her bonnet snugly over her ears and settled her cape about her. Before she reached the street she heard the wail of a child, and her heart stirred pitifully, for her womanly instinct told her it was the cry of fright and fear.

Coming out upon the street, the first thing her eyes fell upon was a group of nearly a dozen children of the neighborhood, and it needed only a glance to see they were surrounding the child whose cry she had heard.

"What is it, children?"

"He's lost," said a little girl eagerly; "he don't know where he lives."

Meantime the Captain saw a little boy, apparently four or five years old, comfortably clad, but without hat or cape, standing with his hands over his eyes, weeping bitterly and shivering with cold and fright.

"Poor little fellow!" she murmured, and drew nearer. "What's your name, dear?"

At that, hearing the gentle voice, the child removed his hands from his face.

"Herbert!" cried the Captain, in amazement. "Herbert Matternly! Why, my previous child, what are you doing here?"

Herbert it certainly was, strayed from his home, and hopelessly lost.

It was not more than fifteen minutes later that the Captain and her charge approached the Matternly home and in another minute,

With a Wild Cry,

the frantic mother snatched her child to her breast. He had but a short time before been missed, it being supposed he was playing at a neighbor's.

"And was he frightened at you?" Mrs. Matternly asked the Captain, after

her first emotion had abated somewhat. "Was he at all afraid?"

"I think not."

"I was thinking of the bonnet," said Mrs. Matternly, doubtfully. "Were you afraid of Captain, my lamb?"

"No," said Herbert, soberly. "I was awfully glad."

"Glad to see her? glad to see the ugly bonnet, too?"

"Oh," said Herbert, nodding his head, solemnly, "cause I knew she'd wouldn't hurt me; 'cause I knew she'd bring me home."

The tears sprang with a quick rush to Mrs. Matternly's eyes. "My own child has rebuked me," she cried; "my own innocent child has shown me my wicked folly! God forgive me, Captain! and if you'll love me, you may order a bonnet as soon as you like. It by wearing that poke bonnet God's children—little and big—can safely recognize me as one who will point the way home to them. I will ask no higher honor than to wear it for the rest of my days."

So, was Mrs. Matternly reconciled.

THOUGHTS ON GOODNESS

Be not only good, but good for something as Thackeray would say. Personal progress is in submitting ourselves to the law of effort after improvement.

Goodness must be sweet, and we must beware of joining that unlovely section who have been well described by some one as the "sour good" kind.

Goodness is the best investment, yielding perpetual dividends to ourselves, being most productive of happiness in others, and giving greatest satisfaction to God.

The good are helpful through their unconscious influence. This is the normal fruit of right action socially. The heaven of goodness acts according to a natural law. Of William Pitt it was said by a soldier of the time: "No man ever entered his room but he was better."

A Lost Soul in Hell.

Commissioner Railton says that the only description given of hell in the Bible (Luke, xvi, 26) is generally believed by Christians to be fiction. Few people believe that the "great gulf" can be spoken across, and that the glory of heaven is visible from the confines of hell.

NEVER to be at rest, or free from burning pain,
Never to take a wink of soothing sleep again;
Heaven's joys and bliss to see but miss—
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this?

Never to quench your thirst, to ask, but ask in vain,
But for a drop to stop the torment and the pain;
All health and happiness to miss—
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this?

Never to get a chance to cross that great gulf fixed
By you yourself, alas! your soul and God betwixt;
And yet to gaze on all you'll miss—
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this?

Never to warn the rest; never to sing or pray;
And never to forget each chance you threw away;
For memory's worm will always hiss—
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this? P.

Learn of the Devil.

Bishop Latimer, the martyr, who perished at the stake in Queen Mary's reign, was a humorist of the true type, and with this weapon he thrashed the rascal and fool of his own time. In rebuking the selfish, self-seeking prelates of the day he says in a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, "Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing of his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is, I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and harkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he applyeth his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame, learn of the devil."

Talking good things to the people, singing their songs, holding meetings, and all other schemes and contrivances, are only satisfactory as far as they get the people actually saved.—The General.

It is my deep conviction that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away until the story of the cross would be uttered in the ears of every living man.—From Dying Words of Simon Calhoun.

Thoughts for Reconciliation Week.

"If illwill is harbored toward any being that God has made you cannot continue to enjoy the presence of God; no matter how wicked that being may be, or how worthless, if you hate that being you are the same as a murderer in the sight of God, and the Spirit of God cannot dwell with you. You must be a backslider."—Pinner.

"None will have such a dreadful parting with the Lord at the last day as those who went off with Him and then left Him."—Swenson.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed."—James, 5:16.

"To have been unfaithful to His saving grace; to have been untrue to His dearest love; to have withheld from Him that which He purchased with His blood, demands a deeper grief, a more bitter repentance, than that of our unconverted state."—Mrs. Booth.

"I will heal their backslidings, I will draw them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him."—Hosea, 14:4.

"There are different degrees of backsliding; some have fallen from greater heights, and some to lower depths than others. But if you ever were higher on the ladder of Christian experience than you are today, to just that extent you are a backslider."—Mrs. Booth.

"For He is our peace, who both made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us... to make in Himself of twain one new man, so making peace; and that He might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby."—Ephesians, 2:14-17.

"A backslider does more hurt to the cause of religion than an infidel."—Finney.

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation."—2nd, Corinthians, 5:19.

There is no peace in a backslider's heart.

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—Matthew 5:23-24.

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—2nd, Corinthians, 5:20.

"Listen to the commands of your Master. Consider His example. He was safe and glorious, and worshipped in the Celestial Baracks, surrounded by myriads of faithful soldiers, who had never wandered one hair's breadth from the path of duty from the moment of their creation. But far away He saw His backsliding world, with its perishing multitudes, the rescue of whom meant to Him such self-denial and anguish as is not to be imagined; but His pitying heart overcame all His love of ease and pleasure, and brought Him into this wilderness to seek the wandering sheep."—The General.

"It is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God."—Jeremiah, 2:19.

"My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."—Jeremiah, 2:13.

"To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer."

Boer

A Song

[Sung all
Time.—Come, join
S.M.]

Come, join our Army
Jesus will help us
Defending the right
wrong.
The Salvation Army

Ch

Marching along, we
The Salvation Army
Soldiers of Jesus, in
The Salvation Army

Come, join our Army
driven,
To Jesus, our Captain,
be given:

If hell should arise
through the fire,
The Salvation Army

Come, join our Army
The time for enlistment
The battle is now
come.

The Salvation Army

On th

The sun is shining
its hot, piercing
long stretch of
Two travelers are
herschback. Their

signs of fatigue and
willows in front of
both men and beasts
the thought of the
gushing, cold water.

The men are of the
Army uniform, but
night obliterated every
world-wide organization
in identifying them.

"I say, Captain, in
the saddle-bag? I
hungry."

"Well, my boy, to
the river, and we
good to eat."

Thus spoke the
as Captain, a fine,
of four-and-twenty.

The river was so
men attended to
horses; then, once
bag, they took on
tong" (dried meat
known as the Boer
fare, and, after a
eat with a hearty
fasting and good
"I say, Captain,
span to-night?"

"I don't know,
horses don't fail
Viljoen's farm by
old man will also
spare bedroom."

Here let me inter-
They are Salvation
farm to farm, in
wherever they can
will call Hendrick
Thompson. They
boys, full of love
of the joy of the

"I am afraid old
care for our camp-
tain. You know
last time we passed
got a great down
I do wish you were
Heer, (Praise the
song, something
could only sing the
Boer dialect of the
am sure he would
for Santa Viljoen
already since I was
her. On the ero-
liked it immensely.

[Solo.—On the C
40, M.]

On the cross of
Jesus died for
There He shed
That from sin
Oh, the cleansin
And it washes

Boer and Briton.

A Song Service Suitable for Reconciliation Week.

[Sing all together.]

Tune.—Come, join our Army (B.B. 14, S.M. 1. 475).

Come, join our Army, to battle we go,
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe;
Defending the right and opposing the wrong.
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Chorus.

Marching along, we are marching along,
The Salvation Army is marching along.
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe must be
driven,
To Jesus, our Captain, the world shall
be given;

If hell should surround us, we'll press
through the throng,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and do not delay,
The time for enlisting is passing away;
The battle is raging, but victory will
come,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

On the Veldt.

The sun is shining brightly, sending
its hot, piercing rays down upon the
long stretch of the Transvaal veldt.
Two travelers are pushing along on
horseback. Their horses are showing
signs of fatigue and thirst, but the green
willows in front reveal the river, and
both men and horses seem to revive at
the thought of their nearness to the
gushing, cool waters.

The men are dressed in Salvation
Army uniform, but the dust has well-
nigh obliterated every trace, and a cas-
ual passerby would have great trouble
in identifying them as officers of that
world-wide organization.

"I say, Captain, what have you got to
the saddle-bag? I am feeling a bit
hungry."

"Well, my boy, be patient till we get
to the river, and we will have something
good to eat."

Thus spoke the individual addressed
as Captain; a fine, bronzed young fellow
of four-and-twenty summers.

The river was soon reached, and both
men attended to the needs of their
horses; then, opening up their saddle-
bags, they took out the bread and bil-
lions (dried meat), which is so well-
known as the South African traveler's
fare, and, after saying grace, began to
eat with a heartiness that bespoke long
fasting and good appetite.

"I say, Captain, where shall we en-
camp to-night?"

"I don't know, my boy, but if the
horses don't fail us, we shall reach
Viljoen's farm by dusk, and perhaps the
old man will allow us the use of his
spare bedroom."

Here let me introduce my two friends.
They are Salvation outsiders, going from
farm to farm, and holding meetings
wherever they can. The Captain will
call Hendrick, and the Lieutenant
Thompson. They are a hardy pair of
boys, full of love for souls and as full
of the joy of the Lord.

"I am afraid old Oom Viljoen will not
care for our company this evening, Cap-
tain. You know how mad he was the
last time we passed his place. He has
got a great down on everything English.
I do wish you would teach me 'Prisen
Heer' (Praise the Lord), and that other
song, something about Calvary. If I
could only sing them in the Taal (the
Boer dialect or the Dutch language) I
am sure he would be all right, and as
for Tanta Viljoen she is almost friendly
already since I sang that new solo to
her, 'On the Cross of Calvary.' She
liked it immensely."

[Solo.—Male voice.]

Tune.—On the Cross of Calvary (B.B. 40, M.S. 1. 4).

On the cross of Calvary,
Jesus died for you and me;
There He shed His precious blood,
That from sin we might be free.
Oh, the cleansing stream doth flow,
And it washes white as snow;

On the cross of Calvary,
Jesus died for you and me;
There He shed His precious blood,
That from sin we might be free.
Oh, the cleansing stream doth flow,
And it washes white as snow;

On the cross of Calvary,
Jesus died for you and me;
There He shed His precious blood,
That from sin we might be free.
Oh, the cleansing stream doth flow,
And it washes white as snow;

It was for me that Jesus died
On the cross of Calvary.

Chorus.

On Calvary, on Calvary,
It was for me that Jesus died,
On the cross of Calvary.

Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love,
Brought me down at Jesus' feet;
Oh, such wondrous, dying love,
Asks a sacrifice complete.

Here I give myself to Thee,
Soul and body, Thine to be;
It was for me Thy blood was shed
On the cross of Calvary.

"Nay, nay, my lad, we must not try
to get these people in that fashion. We
must be true to ourselves, and to God.
I am not without hopes that God has
spoken to old Hendrick Viljoen, and has
made him feel that he is not so secure
as he seems to think. But enough. Let
us have a word of prayer right here,
and do not let us forget Oom and Tanta
Viljoen."

Down the two lads went by the river-
side, and in earnest prayer, placed them-
selves in the hands of God, whilst at
the same time they did not forget to
bear up before the throne the Boer and
his wife mentioned previously.

Quickly mounting their now refreshed
horses, they broke into an easy canter
over the plains.

"I say, Lieutenant, what if young
Viljoen is at home? He is very bitter,
and I am afraid he will turn the old
folks against us, if he can."

"Ah, well, mate, I think I shall clear
off, and let you deal with him. I've got
a good 'kaross' (sheepskin rug), and I
can sleep as sound on the veldt as in-
side. You know, Captain, they don't
like me because I am English, and they
think I take too much notice of their
ways. Then, you know, young Viljoen—
he was in the war against our soldiers,
and he is very bitter, and you know I
think someone has told him that I was
a soldier fighting against them."

"No, Lieutenant. Again I say we
must not give way. We can try them,
and if they do refuse, then we can
both sleep on the veldt together. But I
am not without hope that God will
open up our way, and that we shall both
be sleeping to-night between the nice
white sheets in Tanta Viljoen's 'pre-
dicant's' (minister's) bedroom."

On Oom Viljoen's Farm.

On, on they pushed, until the farm
house, that had been the subject of so
much conversation came in sight. Some
half-dozen Kaffir boys were to be seen
cleaning up in their own early fashion.

As the Captain and Lieutenant rode
up they discovered Oom Hendrick Vil-
joen alone on his "stoep" (verandah),
smoking away at a long pipe, whilst by
his side was a coffee jug from which he
had been imbibing somewhat freely, just
prior to the arrival of his visitors.

The Captain was the first to alight, and
throwing the bridle straight over his
horse's head, he walked smartly up
to the owner of the farm.

"Gott segen U (God bless you), Oom
Viljoen," he shouted (Oom Hendrick was
a bit deaf), and held out his hand.

The Boer looked sleepily on, his eyes
peering through from beneath his shaggy
eyebrows. Discovering who his visit-
ors were he gazed away from the Cap-
tain, but took the proffered hand.

"Gott segen U, mynheer Captain,"
said the Boer; "you are welcome.
Tanta is inside, and she will get dinner
for you. Take your horses round, and
the Kaffir will attend to them."

The Captain quickly obeyed, and, mo-
tioning the Lieutenant to follow, they
speedily disposed of their horses. With
the aid of a Kaffir they took the thickest
of the shed from their clothes, then a
swill in a bucket of water, and they
were somewhat presentable.

They had evidently got the "outree" of
the farm for that evening.

[Chorus.]

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory!
On, battalions of the Lord, with hearts
that fear no danger,

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory!
On, battalions of the Lord, with hearts
that fear no danger,

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory!
On, battalions of the Lord, with hearts
that fear no danger,

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory!
On, battalions of the Lord, with hearts
that fear no danger,

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory!
On, battalions of the Lord, with hearts
that fear no danger,

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory!
On, battalions of the Lord, with hearts
that fear no danger,

On to break each captive's chain, bring
the world to God again;
From the iron grip of hell each soul set
free.

Oom Hendrick Viljoen was a fine
specimen of the rough old "oor trekker"
(pioneer). With his devoted partner he
had come from the neighboring colony
of Natal many years before, and, after
facing dangers and perils of the most
fearful description, they had safely
reached their promised land, as they
termed it.

In spite of all they had gone through,
and the terrible hardships they had en-
dured, they were both hale and strong,
though in a good old age. True, Oom
Hendrick was getting a bit stout, and
could not mount his horse as easily as
in the days of yore, yet his strength was
still firm, and few of the younger men
could beat him at lifting or wrestling;
whilst, with the rifle, he could judge his
distance, and send a bullet through the
fore legs of a "spring-bok" (deer) with
the best of them.

What stories both Oom and Tanta
could tell of their early-day adventures
with both Kaffirs and wild beasts. Yet
they did not choose to boast, conse-
quently scarcely anything about these
gallant pioneers has got into print, but
their deeds of heroism and bravery, if
only recounted, would bear favorable
comparison with the noblest deeds of
any people that have ever lived on the
face of the earth.

Tanta Viljoen's Dinner.

"Well, mynheers, come inside." It is
the welcome voice of the housewife.
"Gooden avons (good evening), Tanta
Viljoen!" the Captain exclaims. "It is
good for you to do us this kindness.
May the Lord reward you and Oom
Hendrick."

"Dankie U (thank you), mynheer
Captain, and may de Heer segen U (the
Lord bless you)," said Tanta Viljoen in
response to the Captain's greeting.

The housewife was short, but very
cozy and comfortable. Tanta Viljoen
was a good housewife, and in every di-
rection the eye went, specimens of her
handiwork in the shape of covers, etc.,
could be seen.

Her table was well spread. A piece
of savory venison was on the sideboard
—a small table acting for that useful
piece of furniture—and some dishes of
sweet potatoes and other vegetables were
steaming round about it. A little Kaffir
servant girl took round the dishes to the
guests and her master, and seemed
astounded at the sight of the Army uni-
form.

Then, after the serving was ended,
the good man of the house said grace in
a solemn, sing-song fashion in good
Taal, and the dinner was proceeded with.

Both officers felt all the better for
their substantial repast, and, after a
word of earnest prayer, followed the
Boer to the "stoep" for "coffee drink"
(a drink of coffee) and "nactmant" (ser-
ment) this time?" queried the Captain.

"I have been thinking since you were
here last, my Captain, that I am need-
ing something more than 'nactmant,'
though God forbid that I should neglect
the holy ordinances. I have been going
over your words, and I must say I have
had a very miserable time."

The Captain's face fairly shone, but as
the old man spoke in Dutch the Lieuten-
ant did not catch the meaning of his
words, though he inferred from the
Captain's manner that something good
had taken place. He rubbed his hands
and smothered a "Glory" that instantly
rose up.

[Chorus.]

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Oom Viljoen Gets Saved.

"Yes, I am getting old now, and I
must be getting ready to go on my long
journey. I have been all my life a very
strict man. I have believed in my
church, and listened to the 'predicant'
(minister), and believed in God's word,
reign electing grace with all my heart.
Yet there is something here" (and Oom
Hendrick pointed in the direction of his
wife) "tells me I am wanting in some-
thing. Tell me what it is," he cried
almost fiercely, and showing a good deal
of emotion, which somewhat surprised,
at the same time immensely de-
lighted, the Captain.

"Let me get the Bybel, mynheer, and
I will try and help you."

The Captain rushed inside, and Tanta
handed him the great leather-bound
book, so precious to every Boer house-
hold. Opening it at the epistle general
of John, third chapter, the Captain read:
"For this is the message that we should love
one another. Not as Cain, who was of
that wicked one, and slew his brother.
... He that loveth not his brother
abideth in death."

"Ah, myn Captain," exclaimed the old
man, before he had read very far: "I
see! I see! I have been in the dark-
ness, but now I see: I want this love,
I want it in my heart, my heart is so
cold and hard, and I cannot die like
this. Tell me what it all means, and
how I can get this love."

For answer the Captain opened again
at I. Corinthians xiii., and read the
verses down. As he did so the Boer
sat and simply swallowed the words—
"And now abideth faith, hope, love,
these three; but the greatest of these is
love."

The Captain closed the book, and
looked Oom Hendrick straight in the
eyes. The old man winced before the
officer's firm gaze.

"Oom Hendrick, Jesus loved you when
you were His enemy; if you could be
like your Master you must love even
your enemies. That is both the law and
the Gospel. The strife and hatred must
be all cast out, and the heart must be
made clean, by sacrificing, conquering
love."

[Chorus.—Softly.]

Let us love Thee, Saviour,
Take my heart for ever,
Nothing but Thy favor
My soul can satisfy.

The Captain spoke as one inspired,
and both the farmer and his wife felt
the influence of his burning words. In-
stantly they made for the house,
and, getting inside, they both fell on
their knees and commenced praying.

The tears came bursting from their
eyes, and both Captain and Lieutenant
prayed, the former in Dutch, the latter
in English. Both prayers, however,
were heard and answered, for presently
the farmer rose, and, grasping the Lieuten-
ant's hand he shook it, and then,
much to the latter's surprise, he lifted
it to his lips and kissed it.

Yes, kissed the hand of a once-hated
"rooik" (red-neck), an expression used
by the Boers to denote their contempt
(or Englishmen), and, as he did so, the
door suddenly opened, and in walked
Piet Viljoen, the farmer's son, just in
time to see his father's act.

Piet's face turned scarlet. He could
scarcely credit the evidence of his senses,
but with that stoical manner so com-
mon amongst the Boers, he pulled him-
self up, and calmly walked out into the
midnight air, rage and hatred burning
in his breast. He would have an ex-
planation in the morning, or know the
reason why.

[Sing together.]

The Lord is near, when foes appear,
And bids us not to fear,
But fight the fight, for God and right,
He'll keep the pathway clear;

Then when we come to die, we'll shout
our battle cry,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow.

Chorus.

The blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow,
Oh, bless the happy day, He washed my
sins away,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow.

The two travelers slept well through-
out the night. Given to early rising,
however, they were up long before sun-
rise, and, having dressed, proceeded to
catch their horses and get things into
readiness for their approaching depart-
ure.

A New Creation.

The sweet-natured Tanta Viljoen was
also an early riser by long years of
habit, and she was just as early as
usual this morning, going to and
fro to the kitchen, where an ebony-
colored serving maid was busily engaged
making up the fire. Tanta's not too
melodious voice could be heard chanting
her new and favorite Army chorus—

[Sisters sing softly.]

On Golgotha! On Golgotha!
Hail the Lord who died for me,
On Calvary! On Calvary!
It was for me that Jesus died
On the cross of Calvary!

[Chorus.]

Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Hallelujah!
Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Praise the Lord!
For our Saviour-King shall reign,
He shall have His own again,
Hallelujah!

A smile, bright as a celestial ray from the throne of God, lit up the old wrinkled face, luminous by its very radiance every line of its natural pliancy.

Oom Hendrik also soon made his appearance, and was at his favorite place on the stoep, just as the sun was shining across the great dewy field. The old man had never cared very much for singing. He belonged really to the very strict religiousists commonly known as the "Doppers," who absolutely prohibit even the singing of hymns in their services, and who only sing the paraphrases of the Psalms done in metre. This morning, however, he called the officers on to the stoep, and begged them to sing to him.

"My heart is full of joy," he said; "I can shout and sing like a child."

[Brothers sing.]

Sing, soldiers, sing, and let the people hear,
Shout, soldiers, shout, and never, never fear;
If we keep believing, we are bound to win;
Blood-and-Fire is sure to conquer sin.

"I am in a new world altogether," he actually laughed for joy. The old man's captivity has indeed been turned, and he delighted himself in the fullness of the blessing of perfect love.

Piet's Strange Behaviour.

Young Piet Viljoen did not show out very early, and whether he was up or not he did not come out of his room.

"I say, Lieutenant, I did not like the look young Piet gave us last night," the Captain whispered in the ear of his trusted companion, when they were alone. "I only got a glimpse of his face at parting, but if ever I saw hate depicted on a countenance it was in his, his eyes, his hands. I am afraid there will be trouble. But keep up your heart, old man, and be careful not to be led into a quarrel with him."

"Yes, Captain! I'll do my best, but I know he has always had a down on me because of the war."

"Well, you had better keep as quiet as possible, and if he begins, leave him to me."

At breakfast Piet was still mooding, much to the grief of his mother. Poor old soul! She loved him as her life almost. He was the only one left out of four. Two had died young, and Piet's eldest brother had been slain in one of the campaigns against the neighboring Kaffirs. And so Piet, her big, bay-boned boy, was all that she had left.

She went outside, shouting for him, but the Kaffir boy said he had gone across the veldt on a horse. And Tanta knew that he had simply sulked, and would not sit down at the same table with the Captain and his hated "rooinek" Lieutenant.

Oom Hendrik, for the first time, altered the usual morning devotions. There was no long Psalm read out in the sing-song monotone, neither was there even the usual drawn-out paraphrase, but after the things had been put aside from the breakfast table a real prayer meeting was commenced and salvation songs were sung: in fact, singing predominated over prayer. But, stranger still, Tanta engaged in prayer. Hendrik was quite startled to hear the voice at first; but the tears ran down his cheeks like rain as she pleaded with God, as only a mother can plead, for her poor boy—her head-strong, revengeful Piet.

After a real hearty handshake, and a plentiful supply of root for the journey, the Captain and his Lieutenant mounted their horses, and rode away, but promised to return in the course of a few days. The spirits of the officers rose as they cantered over the mossy veldt, and sniffed the pure rarefied air into their lungs. They could scarcely speak to each other for joy. They were amply repaid for long, weary weeks, and months of unrepentant failure and defeat.

When they did find their tongues their sentences were bespattered and punctuated with involuntary "Glorys" and "Hallelujahs!"

Nearing a creek that passed right across their path, they discovered a horseman in the act of dismounting, and as he turned towards them they both ejaculated with one voice, "Piet!" That worthy soon made them know it was none other than himself by loudly calling on them to stop. He wanted "to talk" with them.

There was a cynical smile on Piet's face, but deep in his small eyes there was a look of ill-concealed hatred that plainly forbade trouble.

The Captain looked at the Lieutenant and gave the latter a sign to be careful. Piet Viljoen was a tall youth, with features which, when in repose, might be accounted fairly passable, but when the frown, or even a laugh, ruffled them, they looked odd, not to say almost comical. Certainly this morning he looked his worst. His small eyes were almost buried underneath his shaggy eyebrows, and his teeth were set together like a closed rat-trap.

The Captain commenced the talk. Piet averting his eyes as much as possible, so that he would miss the steady, kindly gaze of the officer, and played nervously with his hands, as if he was getting himself ready for the fray.

"Well, Piet, what do you desire of us? We are sorry you did not stay to breakfast: Tanta was very much grieved."

At the mention of his mother's name the color mounted on Piet's face.

"I did not want to spoil your prayer meeting, or interfere with your magic," he replied sullenly.

"Magic, Piet! What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say: you have succeeded with your tricks, and you think now that all is well, but it isn't. I shall bring over the predicament, and Oom Hendrik and Tanta will soon get rid of the nonsense you have put into their heads. And after that, look out!"

"Piet's eyes, now fairly blazing," I'll put the dogs on you the first time you come near the place."

"Yes, you shall be paid out," he went on; "I tell you, I hate you, and as for you, rooinek, I could almost kill you where you stand. Oom Hendrik killed your hand! You 'rooinek' and, fairly hissing through his teeth, his words failed him. He seemed to be fairly choked with his passion.

Then happened something strange. The good-natured Lieutenant went over towards Piet for the purpose of reasoning with him, but scarcely had he spoken a word ere the latter lifted his heavy riding-whip and struck him a blow with it. It was done in a moment, and even Piet was surprised to find he had gone so far.

Piet had not much time to think, however, for the next moment he was on his back, and as helpless as a child, whilst the whip was suddenly wreathed out of his hands, and he found himself completely at the mercy of the man he had so grossly insulted.

Then the Captain's voice was heard, "Lieutenant, steady there! Remember your promise."

The military training of the Lieutenant came to his assistance, and he at once stood to attention, as on a parade ground. But his face showed plainly how terrific had been the struggle that he had passed through.

Piet did not relish his position at all, and the moment he had a chance he sprang to his feet. He was no coward at heart, though in this instance he had been tripped up, through his temper, and had committed a cowardly, dastardly act. He expected no mercy, and was quite prepared to fight.

Reconciliation.

And then came a sudden change upon the Lieutenant. He felt his weakness as well as Piet. Had he not talked to Oom Hendrik about that love that was to cast out all hatred and malice, and here he was maddly sworn by the same passion as Piet. Truly he had received great provocation! The test had been severe, and had found out his weakest link. He was humiliated. He felt the stroke of his moral defeat far more than the insult of the riding-whip.

A terrible storm was raging all over his soul. Would he sink? Ah, at last the Lord appeared, and the poor fellow softened into tears.

Piet was astonished at the change, and more so when the Lieutenant walked up to him and handed back the whip without a word or even a look of malice or revenge.

Piet took the whip back, but it seemed to burn in his hands, and he buried it away into the fast-flowing stream that was running at his feet.

The Lieutenant went a little way off, and under the shade of a hanging willow, prayed out his heart in anguish to God.

"Give me a heart like Thine," he repeated over and over again. "By Thy wonderful power and Thy grace at this hour, give me a heart like Thine."

[Brothers sing softly twice in another room.]

Give me a heart like Thine.
By Thy wonderful power,
And Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine.

Piet could only catch the sound of the groaning, but his heart troubled him very much. He had never seen anything like this before. If the Lieutenant had only fought him, he would not have cared so much, though he felt the form or must have beaten him. But this sudden change—this breaking down into tears of a brave, strong man! It was too much for him. Before his mind seemed to flash the guilt of his despicable action, and also there loomed up thoughts of the grief he had caused his poor mother by running away. Then there came a strange rising within him. What could it mean? The cold dew sat upon his brow. He felt so lonely. Everything seemed to have gone, and he was as he had never been before—alone with his own thoughts.

The Captain's voice woke him out of his reverie.

"Come, Piet, let us talk now!" and Piet yielded to the gentle pressure upon his arm and permitted himself to be led to the river bank, where he sat down like a beaten child by the side of the Captain.

[Singing together.]

We'll be heroes, we'll be heroes,
When the battle is here,
When the raging storm leader grows,
Will our courage increase, by the Cross.

For some time neither of the twin spoke.

The gentle water at their feet went rippling by, and the sound was broken by the neighing of the horses and the earnest, tearful prayers of the Lieutenant. The Captain looked into Piet's face, and was startled by the remarkable change he discovered there. The old look had gone entirely out of his eyes, and there was in its place an expression of amazement and almost childish fear. The deep silence was kept up for some time, till the tension became almost unbearable to both.

"Now, Captain!" cried Piet at last in a desperate voice, "tell me what is this magic you have got. Are you going to kill me for what I did to the rooinek?"

The Captain smiled at the superstitious fear evinced by his companion.

"There is no magic, my Piet. You are mistaken altogether. You were cruel to the poor English fellow, Piet. He is a good man, and he is now praying for you, Ja! (yes) even as though he had done it to you."

"Ja, Ja! That is the magic of it. I tell you I cannot stand it. It will kill me; I know it will!"

"But, Piet, we do not wish you harm at all. We seek only your good. We are not bad men, neither are we like the witch doctors of the Kaffirs. Cannot you see, Piet? That poor boy down there would have killed you outright a few months ago had you struck him like you did this morning. You know he would. You know he is a brave man, yet you saw how he took it from you, Piet?"

Piet did not answer. Within his breast there raged the struggle of conflicting emotions. The buried hatreds—racial and religious—were begrimed in his very nature seemed to struggle with Titanic force against the nobler impulses of penitence and tenderness.

The inward battle waxed hot and furious. Bigotry, prejudice, and pride the very hand of the basest of men, but especially did they cling with tenacious grip to poor Piet Viljoen.

He rose to his feet and emitted a deep groan. His mental sufferings were

terrible to behold, and the Captain at a distance watched him with both pity and hope, praying earnestly to God all the time for his salvation.

Then came a great surprise. The Lieutenant came out of his hiding-place and approached the Captain.

There was a look on his face that even the Captain had never seen there before a look of repose and sweetness that bespoke calm after storm, peace after battle, victory over the foe.

"Will you forgive me, Captain, for giving way after what I promised you? You know it came so sudden upon me, I shall never be able to look at dear old Oom Hendrik again, and dear old Tanta."

"Forgive you, my boy? Of course I will! I think you are a hero, and God will bless you."

"God has blessed me, Captain, and I feel a new man altogether. I shall be more careful after this."

Reconciliation.

"May I go and speak to Piet, and just tell him how I feel?"

"Yes, go, my boy; I think he will hear you this time."

"I've come to tell you, Piet, that I am sorry about this little affair just now. I should not have spoken to you at the time when you were so angry. I know you do not like me, or people of my country, and there was a time when I felt the same towards your people, Piet, but God changed my heart, and I got over all my old feelings and old ways, and I never felt bad since till this morning, when we had the bit of tussle in the grass. I somehow feel that you must think that I have the old feelings still in my heart, Piet, because I gave you a bit. It was not so, Piet; I assure you it is not so. God has forgiven me, and I would like to be friendly with you. I am not such a bad chap, Piet, as you think, really I'm not. Will you forgive and forget, and let us part friends?"

Piet stared as he listened to the impassioned words that came from the Lieutenant. There could be no doubting the sincerity of them. The honest blue eyes, with their kindly light, the face so strong and yet so guileless, spoke even more eloquently than the words. The more Piet looked into the face of the Lieutenant, the more he became convinced of his sincerity. He could not help himself.

Rushing up he seized the Lieutenant's hand with a grasp of iron.

"Englishman! you are a good, brave man," Piet almost sobbed out the words, for his heart was full to overflowing. "I am a dog, Ja! a dog, and you can kick me with your boots. Oh, you are too good, too good! Will you just pray for me, Englishman? I will do anything for you."

The astonishment of the Lieutenant was simply beyond words. Down he sank on his knees, Piet by his side. Then up came the Captain, and all three joined in earnest, hearty prayer, the tears trickling down Piet's face like rain as they did so. But the rainbow of God's mercy shone brightly down, and the tears and groans were soon changed to shouts of gladness and joy.

What a scene those two horses gazed upon that morning! Three big, strong youths were hugging each other and shouting themselves hoarse with praises to God and the Lamb. Piet would not part from his companions.

"Come back to the house," he cried: "you must not go farther. Oh, how kind will be my father and mother, Ja, you must come!"

And the Captain decided that perhaps it would be best to return with Piet, for their horses were caught once again, and, with their heads turned towards the homestead of the Viljoens once more, they galloped off.

As they pushed along, the officers spent their time in teaching the new convert his first Army song. And over the veldt rang out the voices of the riders, breaking the quiet and stillness, and up to the throne of God went the words that bespoke the strong sentiments and feelings of each heart.

[Brothers sing softly in another room.]

On Calvary! On Calvary!
It was for me that Jesus died
On the cross of Calvary!

Piet had found out the magic at last. The little white farm house soon came in view. The sound of the singing had brought Oom Hendrik and his faithful "crow" to the door, and as they spied the three horsemen coming up, their

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Reconciliation Week.

LET US BE FRIENDS.

BY THE GENERAL.

DEAR FRIEND:

HAVE YOU ANYTHING AGAINST THE GENERAL? Has he wronged you in any form? If so, show it to him. Write him a letter, short and to the point. He will, I am sure, be willing to see the wrong, and if it be a wrong, and if I know his heart, which I think I do, he will at once own up and undo it so far as he has the ability.

BUT HAS THE GENERAL ANYTHING AGAINST YOU? If so, will you not look that straight in the face, and undo it so far as you have the power? Will you not confess it, and so secure his forgiveness, and what is of far more importance, the forgiveness of God? Whichever way it may be, come along, my friend. Let no clouds divide us. As we would desire that there should be nothing between us in Heaven, so let there be nothing on earth.

LET US BE FRIENDS.

HAVE YOU ANYTHING AGAINST THE ARMY? Have Headquarters, or has the Commissioner, or the Provincial Officer, or the Divisional Officer, or the Captain, or the Sergeant-Major, or any other officer, or have any of your comrades done you any harm? Have they treated you unkindly, said hard things about your character, or of those you love, or injured you in any shape or form? If so, come and tell them of their fault. If you have not already done so, according to Jesus Christ's directions, I will undertake for them that at least they will hear what you have to say, and consider your complaint; and if they

surprise was great, even beyond words. But what was their delight when Piet made a scramble from the back of his horse, and rushed weeping up to his mother, telling her through his sobs of his new-found joy and peace, and begging her forgiveness for getting away from her in the morning, as he had done.

"Ah, myn moeder, the Englishman is so good. Come here, Englishman, you are my brother and myn friend for evermore." He said.

Piet made a full, straight-out confession to his parents of the whole affair, as related in the previous chapter, not omitting a single incident or word.

The old folks looked on amazed, and were delighted, especially as the narrative drew to a close. Jacob's God had answered prayer; the prodigal had returned. The smile on the dear Tanta's face grew as her eyes rested upon her boy Piet. He was hers now, as he had never been before—yes, he was truly "soon" (son), and she was happy.

[Chorus.]

We're sure to finish well, we're sure to finish well!
If I and you are good and true, we're sure to finish well;
We're sure to finish well, we're sure to finish well!
We mean to fight and conquer, we're sure to finish well!

The little company gradually found themselves on their knees, and there were praises ascending, and, like the ladder Jacob saw, there were prayers and praises going up, and blessings, full and glorious, were being sent down. How different did this little company feel as they sat round the table for the evening meal.

The Lieutenant was placed in the seat of honor, and when Piet's eyes met his there was a glad shout. Piet could now see lots of things in the Lieutenant that aroused his interest. His blind, raging prejudice had hidden everything up before. Now he was beginning to see the man.

Piet shared a bed with the English Lieutenant that night. They did not, however, sleep much, but spent most of their evening in going over the events of the day, and singing in an undertone odd matches of choruses.

won't ask you to forgive them, then you must ask them to forgive you, BECAUSE YOU MUST BE FRIENDS. THE ARMY REACHES OUT ITS HANDS AND SAYS, FOR MY SAKE, END YOUR QUARREL. Don't let the Army suffer that has been such a blessing to you and yours in the past, and to the wide, wide world in the bargain; the Army, which you have praised so much, and so often declared, in testimony and prayer, and song, that you would never forsake. The Army says, Why should we remain apart? Come home, and

LET US BE FRIENDS.

JESUS CHRIST STRETCHES OUT HIS HANDS AND SAYS, "END THIS QUARREL. Because you have been injured, or have had to endure loss, or been in disagreement with your comrade, is that any reason why you should break your word, or turn your back upon My service and My Cross? Don't make Me to suffer; don't make Me your enemy; make haste and be reconciled, and so LET US BE MORE THAN EVER FRIENDS AGAIN."

A DYING WORLD STRETCHES OUT ITS HANDS TO YOU AND SAYS, MAKE HASTE, END YOUR QUARRELING, and return to the fight with the kings of Hell who are damning your wives and husbands, and children, and neighbors at a wholesale rate. Come, and be reconciled to your neighbor quickly, and give yourself again to the task, the blessed task, of saving men.

YOUR OWN POOR SOUL CRIES OUT.

[Three brothers in another room sing, one taking the solo.]
Tune.—Soldiers fighting (B.B. 44, S.M. I. 224).

Soldiers fighting round the cross,
Fight for your Lord!
Reckon all things else but loss,
Fight for your Lord!

Chorus.

All hail! I'm saved!
Oh, come and join our conquering band.
All hail! I'm saved!
We'll conquer if we die.

Glid your sword and hell defy,
Fight for your Lord!
Dashed charge and never fly,
Fight for your Lord!
See in heaven the rescued slaves,
Fight for your Lord!
Rescue more while Jesus saves,
Fight for your Lord!

The Lieutenant had the greatest difficulty in getting the tune into Piet's head. The latter had positively no ear for music, still he would persevere in his endeavor to get hold of some of the songs, and the Lieutenant did not flee in his effort to teach him. In fact, the latter was simply at Piet's disposal, at most body and soul.

To the Front of the Fight.

"I say, Lieutenant, I would like to be an officer, and go about amongst the farms. I am sure the Boers would hear me," said Piet at last.

"Well, why not, Piet?"
"Ah, you see, Oom Hendrik is old, and feeble, and he needs me. Besides, I must now help myn moeder, and stay with her. I'm her soon—her only soon—and she is getting old."

"Ah, yes," sighed the Lieutenant, "she loves her Piet now as never before. I think the prayers of Tanta had a great deal to do with what happened to-day, Piet."

"I shall do what I can when I go up to 'naastant' (sacrament). Oh, how different things will be now. What will Johannes Dupplesis, and Jacob Rotha, and all the rest say when they hear from my own mother what God has done for me. You will pray for me all the time. I want to be a good soldier, like Stephanus and Paul. I want to fight the good fight right through, and so Piet went on and on, making his resolutions, and craving before the Lord. The youth's nature

END THE QUARREL.

Haste across the paltry line that separates you from the warmest hearts and the truest spirits that are found on earth, and once more swear eternal friendship to your old comrades under the Blood-and-Fire flag.

And more than this, your poor soul, unless it has become dumb, cries out for the love and purity, the peace, and power of the days gone by. It cries out in fear lest it should lie down at last in its bitterness and backslidings on a death-bed of despair, and finish up in a backslider's hell.

Perhaps you will say you were grievously wronged, or you would never have been where you are. Perhaps you were. I am willing to admit that it was so.

Perhaps you will say you were all right in the matter over which the quarrel came about. Perhaps you were.

Perhaps you are not a bit impatient, and did not have any hard feelings, and did not say an aggravating word over the affair. Perhaps it was so. Perhaps all the fault was on the other side, and you were all right, and those against you were all wrong. **THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE TROUBLE.**

LET US BE FRIENDS.

Perhaps it was so. I don't know.

Still, my friend, would it not have been more like your Saviour to have suffered the wrong than to have had the quarrel? Anyway, when they struck you on the cheek, don't you not turn to them the other, and whether or no, you should not have deserted your post. You should not have laid your uniform aside, and allowed the dear old drum to beat and the colors to fly, and the procession to travel by without your being in the ranks.

You should not have let it be known in the saloon, in the workshop, among your kindred in Heaven and Hell that you had thrown up The Army, turned your back on your old comrades, and left them to the struggle alone, because of some petty jealousies, some foolish quarrel, some silly slander, some trifling misdeed or something else. No, you ought not to have done it for any reason.

that could be invented by fiends or suggested by man.

But you say, "Nobody cares." That's a mistake. I am sure no soldier drops out of our ranks without somebody caring. If not, then all the more reason why the good and true men and women should stand fast. But it is not so. "The loss of our soldiers is one of the greatest sorrows that Jesus Christ has to suffer, and night and day, in public and in private, the hearts of thousands of officers bleed over it. I am sure that mine does. But, does anyone say, 'No officer ever came after me?' The more the pity again I say, but that is no excuse for your staying away. No man, having fallen into the water, and wishing to be saved, would stay there because someone would not try to pull him out; that is, if there was a way of getting out himself.

But if no one has come after you before, some one will come after you this Reconciliation Week; that is, if they know where you are; if not, you know where the barracks is. They will call upon you; they will invite you; they will pray for you, and they will rejoice over your return.

So now Jesus Christ comes, your old comrades come, we all come, and we all cry out, "Come home. Come back to your own people, to your old spirit, to your old joy."

I, your General, your old General, and your General still, say, "Come home." If I had the power I would write "Come home" on the skies that you might read it by day, and I would make the stars utter it, so that you might hear it by night. I would make the winds who it as they blow over the hills, and the waves speak it as they beat upon the shore. I would make the skies, the stars and the mountains and valleys and oceans and rivers, and all created nature earnestly invite you to leave your hard feelings, and come home to your Saviour, your General, and to your corps; and I would make all alike proclaim the welcome awaiting you there.

Your friend and General,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

son. They were moist, and his hand trembled as he laid it on the youth's shoulder.

"I am saying the truth, myn soon. You must hear me; I am dying; but all is well. You will pat me by the side of your brothers. Piet, at the foot of the kopje."

"Don't talk like this, myn vader; you will break my heart," said Piet. "I shall go for the doctor, and bring him at once. I am sure you will get well again, and we shall be happy here together."

The child man simply shook his head. "I tell you, Piet," he went on, "the Lord is calling me, and it is settling time for me to go. I am ready to cross the river."

There seemed to come a strange look into Hendrik Viljoen's eyes as he uttered these words. It was as though he could see something beyond—yes, within in the well itself.

The good Tanta brought him his coffee and some delicious "concrete" (preserves), but after drinking a little he said he felt weary and would lie down. They assisted him to bed, and from his appearance, could see that the end was not far off.

Two or three days passed by, and Hendrik, the old Voor trekker, lay waiting to commence his last trek. Powerfully did the hours glide by.

Piet and Tanta cheered him by reading from the book, and singing the songs he loved so well. Just before he passed away he seemed to get into a sweet and peaceful consciousness of his peace with God, and when the end came, he departed with his hand upon the good, brown palm of the brave and patient Tanta, and his eye fixed upon the face of his boy Piet.

Piet and his mother astonished their friends not a little by their testimony. Fervently they testified, and many received their message and decided to yield to Christ. Piet made up his mind to testify on every occasion of the great things God had done for him, and to preach the Gospel of love. At this farm in the Transvaal the Army officers were always welcome, for its occupants had found in the love of God that Tree whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, and under the Yellow, Red, and Blue, Boer and Briton were made brothers in Christ.

[Sing together.—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."]

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

WHAT CHILDREN OWE THEIR PARENTS.

BY THE GENERAL.

Having given some little attention to the duties that parents owe to their children, it seems but natural that something should now be said about the duties of children to their parents. The obligations on the part of the children to cherish, honor, and obey their parents are so evident as to need no setting forth or explanation here. To mention them will be all that is necessary. Here are a few of them:

1. TO THEIR PARENTS THEY OWE THE ROOF OF NATURAL LIFE. They were the means of bringing them into the world. I know that some who read this will be likely to regard that fact as a questionable blessing. Their path may have been so crowded with thorns and briers that they could wish that they had never been called to tread it. But the remedy is there, the antidote has been provided, and, if accepted, however sorrowful their lot, they may have been, an eternity of happiness awaits them in the skies.

REMEMBER YOUR PARENTS' LABORS.

2. CHILDREN ARE INDEBTED TO THEIR PARENTS FOR THE INNUMERABLE TOILS AND ANXIETIES CONNECTED WITH THE SUPPLY OF THEIR NEEDS IN THEIR INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD. Here, again, many young people may say that they have had little but neglect in those early days. Alas! alas! the objection raised by many is only too well founded. Out of 250 Corps-Cadets—there are, young people ranging from thirteen to seventeen years of age—gathered together at Haddleigh for the purpose of prayer and counsel, it was found, on enquiry, that some eighty of them had the unfortunate and drunken mothers. Still, even this gloomy evidence revealed the fact that if one of the parents had gone so far away from duty, the other was standing true—and that no doubt, with very considerable effort.

But, as a rule, mothers and fathers labor with unceasing toil for the benefit of the children, even if their aim goes no further than the supplying of their bodily wants.

A DIVINE COMMAND.

3. THE OBLIGATION OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS IS BASED ON NOTHING LESS THAN THE DIRECT COMMANDMENT OF GOD HIMSELF. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." (Exodus xx. 12.) What is involved in the honor here commanded? Let me enquire:

1. IT MUST SIGNIFY RESPECT FOR THEIR AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE TO THEIR COMMANDS. A man who breaks his laws cannot be said to honor a king, or to respect his authority if he treats him with disrespect and indifference. Neither can children, young or old, who pursue a similar course of conduct towards them, be said to honor their parents.

The honor which God commands children to show to their parents must mean, therefore, neither more nor less than the rendering of a happy obedience to their wishes.

CHEERFUL OBEDIENCE.

But someone asks me, How far does this obedience to parents extend? To which I reply that I am asked a question which is difficult to answer. But I am safe, I think, in saying three things:

It must extend to matters that appear to either son or daughter to be right and honorable—in which case there is no alternative but a cheerful obedience. The doing what your parents may ask from you may be inconvenient, or even hurtful, to your temporal interests; they may involve you in hard and anxious labor; but in such circumstances you can reflect on all that those dear parents endure for you when you were thrown helpless on the world, and for many years afterwards.

I think this obedience to parents

should extend to the doing or suffering such things as they wish, providing that they do not appear to be actually wrong.

I do not think that this obedience to parents should extend to matters which the Holy Spirit plainly reveals to you to be contrary to righteousness—which means, contrary to the will of God. Obedience to parents can only signify obedience to the Lord.

God could not expect that you should do things, at the wish of your parents, that are contrary to His will. Of course this is a matter that has to be sacredly settled at the bar of your own conscience as in the presence of God Himself. When that settlement implies disobedience to parents, you must remember that your deeds will be tried over again at the bar of God.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

2. I SHALL BE ASKED AGAIN, HOW LONG IS THIS OBEDIENCE TO LAST? In my early days, the year of emancipation from the obligation to obey dear father and mother was, by a sort of common consent, fixed at twenty-one. I think the women were supposed to get their freedom a little earlier. The common laws of Great Britain, I know, accept twenty-one for the men, who were

What is Holiness?

Many answers are given that are true, but inadequate. Possibly a full definition cannot be framed.

An Irishman Said:

"Holiness is to be done on the inside." Truth, but not the whole truth. Any mortal being with a pure heart is holy; but purity is not all of holiness.

A Little Girl

gave me this description: "Holiness is that what's inside of you what makes you don't want to sin." This is in a little one's language the same as Mark Guy Pearse means when he says: "Holiness is the recoil of a pure soul from sin." Correct, as far as it goes. It was holiness of heart that made Joseph shrink from temptation, and respond to the temptress: "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Holiness is ever positively averse to sin; but it is more than the soul's recoil from the abominable thing.

A Pious Orientalist

said: "When the rains have come in the night, and the ground and the cattle and the trees are washed clean, and the sun rising in the morning reveals a drop of water on every blade of grass; and the air breathes fresh; that is holiness." Yes, it is like that. Certainly holiness means "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The Psalmist was singing of holiness when he said: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." This is a true poetic description of the happy effects of holiness upon the soul. But holiness is more than its delightful blessings.

The English Stylist

says that the word holiness comes from the same root as the words whole, heal, health, &c., and means moral soundness. Correct again, and quite important. It is also quite noteworthy that the German word for boyishness also means healthy. A holy person is morally healthy.

The preacher makes a perfectly legitimate use of our Lord's question to the impatient man, "Wilt thou be made whole?" when he uses it as a text on holiness, turning it spiritually into the question, "Wilt thou be made holy?" Bible holiness is freedom from moral maladies and fullness of moral life. Yet this does not adequately describe holiness.

The Philosopher

says the holiness in the creature is the moral rectitude of the will and charac-

ter in conformity to the divine will and character. Yes; a good explanation, in agreement with that of Andrew Murray: "To be holy is to be god-like—to have a disposition, a will, a character like God." And Horatius Bonar: "Holiness is likeness to God; to Him Who is the Holy One of Israel; to Him Whom they laud in heaven as 'Holy, holy, holy.' It is likeness to Christ, that holy Thing Which was born of the Virgin, to Him Who was 'holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.'" True, and every holy person is godlike in disposition and habit. Still we have not yet the full explanation.

Again, it is said by

The Theologian:

"Holiness is the divine nature." Very true. At the same time we may say that the essence of the divine nature does not consist principally in holiness. God is essentially, originally, and efficiently holy. To be "partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4) and "partakers of his holiness" (2 Timothy ii. 19) mean the same thing. All the holiness in man and angels is but a crystal stream that flows from the glorious ocean fullness of the divine nature.

Holy as Thou O Lord, is none;

Thy holiness is all Thine own;
A drop from that unbounded sea
Is ours—a drop derived from Thee.

Still our question is not fully answered. What is this divine nature, this holiness of God of which we are to partake? This leads to

Another Answer,

which to this writer is the most comprehensive, explanatory and satisfactory: Holiness is the sum total of all moral goodness. Sometimes it is mentioned as one of the attributes of God—one of the series of characteristics that belong to Him. But rather it is the attribute of all the divine attributes. It is the sum total of all God's moral attributes. The source, the substance, and the sum of all His truth, justice, mercy, patience, kindness and every other moral quality of His being, is holiness. As light is the source, the substance, and the sum of all the varied and beautiful hues of the rainbow; so God's holiness is the source, and substance, and sum of all His moral beauty. The beauties of the divine character are the beauties of His Holiness. This is the infinite Fulchritudo of God. Holiness is the supreme expression for that ineffable and inconceivable glory of the Divine Being which constitutes Him the infinite and glorious Lord: "glorious in holiness."

F. B. Meyer

thus beautifully and correctly describes Holiness: "It is the totality of the Divine attributes; the sum of the Eternal and Infinite Being of the Godhead; the essence of the Deity; the chord made by

the harmonious blending of Divine qualities; the beam woven from the many colors of Divine perfection; the expression in a single term of all that goes to make up the moral nature of the great Spirit Whom we call God."

Holiness in the creature is the same as in the Creator. It is God's holiness. There is no angelic or human virtue but real holiness. There is no true human goodness independent of holiness. As the body without the spirit is dead, so a formal morality without holiness also is dead. Holiness is the inspiration, the essence of all the true virtue of a good man. His love to God, his love to man, his justice, his kindness, his peace, his long-suffering, his meekness, his gentleness—all the Christian graces which adorn his life—are the beauties of holiness.

If a man be holy in all manner of living he is

A Perfect Christian.

He may not be a perfect man in every respect; but he is a perfect Christian. He is complete in Christ. That is holiness for us: "the fulness of the blessing of Christ." We are not to seek one virtue apart from the others. We are not to seek patience, then humility, then gentleness, then love, &c., &c. But we are to seek the fulness of Christ, Who is made of God unto us sanctification, that He may be all and in all. And when we so find Him we find Holiness—the wholeness of the Christian life.

One of our dear brethren and a good writer, has been recently, refreshingly saying: "Holiness is not a lot of things, it is holiness." True, and yet let us take heed lest we be bound by narrow conceptions of Holiness. There are many things that do not belong to it. Nevertheless there is in it much more than our definitions of it declare.

A LEPER'S LOVE.

The following touching story is told by a missionary of India, in the Faithful Witness:

"Gita is one of our new families. Her father, a leper, came to us asking help. We could do little for him, as he is too badly diseased to work, and only gave him a little money to buy food. We felt very sorry for the little child, but were at first afraid to take her into the school. Two and a-half years ago, when she could only have been about eighteen months old, her mother deserted her and her father, on discovering that the latter was a leper. When they came to us a second time for help, we offered to take the child if the doctor thought it safe for our other children. He examined her and found no trace of disease, and said it was the only means by which she could be saved, as she was sleeping beside her father and taking food from his hands constantly. The father was very grateful when we made this offer; but we could see how it pained him to part from the child.

"All our famine children come to us in a very dirty condition, but this child, although having only one old piece of rag as a covering, was cleaner than even some of the Christian children. The girls were astonished, and questioned her as to who had cared for her. She said, 'My father is a leper, and his hands are so sore he can do no work; but he begs bread and gives it to me to eat, and he keeps my hair clean by

Holding a Comb in His Teeth

and cleaning it in that way without touching me.'

"She is very fond of her father, and when he came later on to see her, the poor child stood on the school verandah, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and making no sound. It was just time for the children's evening meal, so we sent her to the cook-house to bring some fresh bread and bread for him, and that comforted her. She is a sweet, gentle child, and usually very good in school. One day a teacher complained of her being obstinate and not paying her lesson. She was reminded that if she paid attention, by-and-by she would be able to earn money, and then help her father. At once her face brightened, and there was no more trouble.

"She has learned quite a lot in the few months she has been with us; she has a sweet voice, and sings some of the children's hymns very well, and seldom makes a mistake in repeating the verses she has been taught by the big girl who takes care of her."

TRANSFORMATION MORAL AND IN THE KOOTENAI

Short Epistles Written
Characters and Gathered

"Out of the depths of
cry, and woe, into the
of God's blessed truth
brought by the pre-
Jesus. I now trust in
love to give me the al-
Spirit, and make me a
unto the end. I am a
Heavenly Father for
gift of His only Son,
that through His pa-
honor, and resurrection
from all sin. I am
ceiving His grace and
is sufficient to help me
all temptations.—Helen

Bro. Marlon was a
until two months ago,
to the meeting and vo-
for salvation. He
saved, and is now an



Bro. Marlon and His

The Color-Serger. con-
"Dear friends,—

I am glad I am saved
ago this New Year's Eve
at the penitential form
asked God to save me
kept me going on over
there is joy in serving
He has given me clean
and tolerance, which u-
down. Ever since I
bought twelve years ago,
up my mind to lead
every New Year's, but
till God saved me. I
as long as I put my
He will keep me thro-
My desire is to see you
in this same path, and
will keep you. O-



Next, a War Cry
ing landsman:—

"Dear friends,—

I rejoice in the know-
slas, which were so
given and the past is
I am thankful to God
showed me my low-
gave me the desire to
this wonderful salvation
that I came to the pl-
that the resolutions
own strength were
and I am thankful to
fact that the very
paved with good re-
here there are souls
who depended on go-
keep them. I am
serving and doing Go-
desire is to help and
into this same path
eternal glory and to
and serve our God
happily. Joy

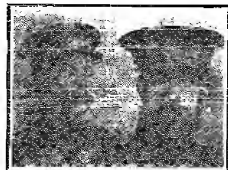
"To whom it may c-
I do praise God
been converted, very
now, and I can say
the stand I had tak-
my part, that was
give up everything—
services—and that v-

TRANSFORMATIONS, MORAL AND SOCIAL, IN THE KOOTENAY CAPITAL.

Short Epistles Written by Revolutionized Characters and Gathered by Adjt. McGill.

"Out of the depths of darkness, misery, and woe, into the marvelous light of God's blessed truth, I have been brought by the precious blood of Jesus, I now trust in His mercy and love to give me the aid of His Holy Spirit, and make me a faithful soldier unto the end. I am thankful to our Heavenly Father for the wonderful gift of His only Son, Jesus Christ, that through His precious death, burial, and resurrection, I am saved from all sin. I am continually receiving His grace and strength, which is sufficient to help me to the time of all temptations.—Henry Warton."

Mrs. Warton was a slave to drink until two months ago, when he came to the meeting and volunteered right out for salvation. He got gloriously saved, and is now an enrolled soldier.



Ole Thompson and Henry Warton.

The Color-Sergeant comes next: "Dear friends,—

I am glad I am saved. It is a year ago this New Year's Eve since I knelt at the penitent form at Nelson and asked God to save me, and He has kept me going on ever since. I find there is joy in serving God day by day. He has given me victory over drink and tobacco, which used to bind me down. Ever since I left Norway, about twelve years ago, I always made up my mind to lead a different life every New Year's, but I always failed till God saved me. I find day by day, as long as I put my trust in Jesus, He will keep me through to the end. My desire is to see you make a start in this same path, and I know God will keep you. Ole Thompson."



John Hammond.

Next, a War Cry banner and counting handsman:

"Dear friends,— I rejoice in the knowledge that my sins, which were so many, are all forgiven and the past is under the blood. I am thankful to God that He ever showed me my lost condition, and gave me the desire to come and seek this wonderful salvation. I am glad that I came to the place where I saw that the resolutions I made in my own strength were utter failures, and I am thankful that I awoke to the fact that the very road to hell is paved with good resolutions. I believe there are souls to hell to-day who depended on good resolutions to keep them. I find real happiness in serving and doing God's will, and my desire is to help and to bring others into this same path which leads to eternal glory and happiness. Come and serve our God and you will be happy. John Hammond."

"To whom it may concern:

I do praise God ever since I have been converted, very near three years ago, and I can say I never regretted the stand I had taken. I had to do my part, that was to be willing to give up everything—even my whole services—and that was the time He

spoke peace to my soul, and that peace I still enjoy. Thank God. His experience is for you, sinners. Come to God today. I am, Yours respectfully, John Munroe."

Bro. Munroe is an employee of the city, overseeing watermains, etc., and is known as a Salvationist wherever he goes.



Adolph Reed and John Munroe.

Bro. Reed comes next:

"It is now eight months since I gave my heart to God and began to fully trust Him, and accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. For many years I tried to find peace and happiness in this world and its pleasures, but it was all in vain; I could never find anything that would satisfy my soul, and I knew all the time that I was going wrong. But there seemed to be so many things in this world to hold me back from coming out for God. At last I began to feel very miserable and I could find no rest, and I tell you that I was in a bad condition, although I was well and healthy as far as my physical health was concerned, but I felt that I was a lost sinner, and I knew if I was to die in that condition I was lost for ever. Then I began to pray to God for help, and bless His holy name for ever. He heard me and He saved me and forgave all my sins, and set me a free man. Now I find it a pleasure to serve God. Today it is my desire, with the help of God, to go on and fight to the end. Yours truly in Christ Jesus, Adolph R. Reed."

Bro. Reed works in the mountains among unsaved workmates, and stands firm for his Master. (To be continued.)

MOSES MOSSEBECK AT THE UNVALEIN'.

Here Mister Editor,—

I have bin so lazy since I rode yer last that I avenge ad time the rite yer list now. But I must tel yer about the Salvation armies adins up this way. Ther Adjutant announed ther wud be a grate unvaling of a painth on the wall.

Sez I fer me-self, I must see it. So ther Ginstley followin I was there, an' such a site. I had jest got in the barracks wen in kem sun loidies dressed in different costumes—there was India, Afrika, Canada, Australia, Japan, Denmark, United States, Germany, and Britania, who looked elegant with her

septer and large sheeld; then ther wuz a little sojer boy and suler zurl, wich I overheard represented the Naval and Military League.

Ther leader, Mrs. Major Southall, led off with the song, "All round the world the Army chariot rolls," and jest as they got ter the korus down falls a big sheet from the wall at the back, and there before me gaze was a beoutiful painth of ther hull world, wid all the kountrys as well as the osbuns marked on it, also budy mettees and flags painted on't, "as yer keen see by ther fotograf a front ov mine tuk ov it."

Then wen the people, including myself, got over the first surprise of the unvaling, the people on the platform sung sadness and give ther costomies in ther native linnagges. Of course there wuz sun English speaking, tew, wich I could understand latter on the rest.

But the little boy and gurl that I referred to tuk the cake. I don't know whether they et it or not. The boy sung about the flag with the star in the seuter, and the gurl sung "Thro' out the lifeline." It war good, I can tel yer. I got a pinter, too, of ther boy dressed as he wuz, wich I believe the Editor will stick in ther War Cry for me. I reckon as ow ther meetin reflected grate credit on the leader and the wimin adcers as got it up.

As far as the hall, Mister Editor? It's a beoutie. The tin plaster (or metheasling, as they call it) sets it off fine, an' sech a fine gallery, tew, it's jest all right, and light and kumfortable. The Army, peers ter me, is gettin along nicely up this way, and it seems that the colder it gets the other times they ave, specially in the soul-saving line.

Guss I'll close now for this time, so and say for the present. I am yer unmet seerent,—Moses Mossebeck.



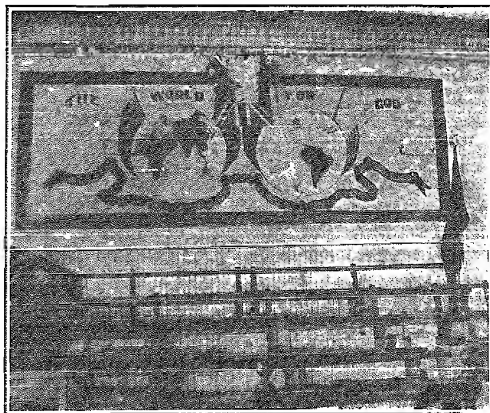
Bro. Thompson, Assistant at Army Barracks.

He helps to bring cheer to many houses by delivering the coal to Toronto's poor in connection with this Black Jack Scheme.

The requirements of health can be obtained on the floors of one hall. They are: Good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness, and exercise and rest.

If we could sweep intemperance out of the country there would be hardly enough poverty left to give healthy exercise to the charitable hospitals.—Phillips Brooks.

Men and women who are always reminding you that "business must be considered," friends must be pleased, and the earthly interests of themselves and everybody about them must be looked after, will be of precious little service in the fight.—The General.



The Painting Over the Platform, Winnipeg Barracks.

THE CHANCELLOR AND CASHIER AT CARMAN, MAN.

As we looked out of the car window and saw the sun-dogs, we thought sure it would be nothing but tizzards and snow for our week-end at Carman. But we were agreeably surprised: it cleared up nicely. The officers met us at the station, and took us off to Bro. McCullough's, where a good, hot dinner awaited us. We were also given to understand we should see our pictures after dinner, as painted by the S. A. local artist. Of course, we got anxious, and when we came to the spot, "My, what a surprise!"

We could hardly survive the shock. The Adjutant had jet black hair, what there was of it, and your humble servant's was red, and both our faces likewise. Of course it was snapped for the special benefit of the War Cry readers, trusting our friends will recognize us. What a pity cameras don't take colors.

The meeting that night was an absolute free-and-easy, up-to-date, soldiers' all in, and everyone ready to jump up and give their testimony.

Next day, Sunday, the meetings were well attended. A large crowd turned out at 7 a.m. knee-drill for a good start. But the night meeting was the crowning time. When the march got back to the barracks it was already full, and some of the soldiers went out and brought in more chairs from the Orange Hall. After the preliminaries and a few testimonies, three comrades, Bro. and Sister McCullough and Sister McIntyre, stepped forward to be enrolled. After the Adjutant had given a straight talk on the work and privileges of a soldier, and the principles of the worldwide Army, they were enrolled, the comrades giving them a hearty welcome to the corps by firing a long and loud volley.

The Adjutant's subject was "To be well Born," making it plain to his hearers that the advantages were in being well born both temporally and spiritually, especially the second birth, as it was to a great extent left to the persons themselves whether they were born well and strong or weak and feeble. It had the desired effect, and soon after the invitation was given six souls knelt at the penitent form, and claimed victory through the blood, and while the angels in heaven rejoiced, we, too, praised God for His presence and power manifested in our midst.

May God continue to bleed the Carman corps, who are a Blood-and-Fire crowd.—Geo. Smith, Capt.

CAPTAIN HAAS VISITS HELENA.

Capt. Haas, Financial Spectral of the Salvation Army, paid a flying visit to Helena during the latter part of January. While here the Captain was pressed into service, and led the meetings at the local corps, which were well attended. In her first discourse the Captain told, in her usual delightful way, what she thought constituted the duties of good soldiers, and said in part: "I am going to stand firmly at my post, and when I die I want to be in the front rank, with my face to the enemy." As a further illustration of her subject, the Captain told a very beautiful and touching incident of the late Civil War, which so captivated the old soldiers that they wrote the officer a letter of thanks in behalf of the Grand Army Post of Helena, and bid her welcome to the city. The letter took the Captain completely by surprise, but, like a true soldier, she was equal to the occasion, came nobly to the front, thanked the old soldier boys in the most eloquent terms for the letter, and said she would keep it as a souvenir of her visit to Helena. "I am the daughter of an old soldier myself," she said, "and whatever contributions to the welfare of the old soldiers—remnants of a once mighty army—adds a link in the chain of my own happiness." The Captain is a woman of fine accomplishments and we were delighted with her. May the Lord of heaven bless her, and may white-winged angels of peace and purity watch over and guide her footsteps. Is the prayer of Helena Post G. A. R.—John McDonald.

hes the outside world the forming of a cur- of the Chinese situ- that a large expedition allies to clear Central and Chinese troops, ernment will not take oment. The Chinese s have not been ful- e reliance is placed in eace envoys have a- is point. The British sued a Blue Book on on, which gives little although it shows is extremely complex

AN WAR.

states that General ve killed and wounded last Friday. He also and abandoned most agnans. He is said to nsted, and harassed onger has now called struggle.—Twenty- other Colonials Boer Commander in e seven British were near Vryburg.— captured a convoy of fifty-three prison- rums that the nat- ers Transvaal have Boers.—There has near Johannesburg, tempted to destroy a—A contingent of fifty men sailed South Africa, being sent from the colony with Wales objects to opening a recruiting African police in the

MINE DISASTER.

st mine place last took place in the Un- gton. About eleven an explosion oc- the mine. There were the accident took completely wrecked the wn. A rescue party organized, but after de at all available had to be given up on and smoke having escuers. Water has the shaft, when all overboard, and a party covered the bodies. A the roll shows that their lives, of whom nine Japanese, and

SCHOOLS.

school for teachers itawa. at the gunpowder and, killing six have sent wireless nance of two hundred e is reported to have Over one thousand in it in Bombay last been proclaimed at of the recent distrib- has blocked com- in Northern New

umite and blazning sed at Woodstock. to the frozen con- ves a terrible acci-

uty on American use the States have agar. from Mount Vesu- turday, lasting for

re lost in the wreck of the steamer, which was large, beautiful building in which we are now gathered was packed to the doors.

We have followed you since then, in your journeys across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and rejoice over the many triumphs of His grace that God has been pleased to give you.

We endorse the mission of the Salvation Army, which you have the honor to represent in our fair Dominion. We

MONTREAL'S GREATEST S. A. TRIUMPH.

The Commissioner Conducts Three Great Gatherings in Windsor Hall.

Large Influential Crowds—Souls at the Cross—Commissioner's Visit Greatly Appreciated—Knights of the Red Cross Captivated Audience.

REPORTED BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

"It is not to be wondered at that large crowds gather wherever Miss Booth is announced to speak. Her name is a household one on two continents.

"Converted at the age of six years, she at once evinced a strong desire to help in the glorious work for which her family has won such great distinction. Her first effort to spread the good cause was to go about, when but a mere tot, and sell War Cris. At the age of twenty, Miss Booth, with heart full of pity for the hordes of suffering poor in London, was going through the slums there, comforting, first physically, and afterwards trying to lead to Christ.

Has Gone to Prison.

"Miss Booth has shown the sincerity of her love of good by going to prison for it. As is known, a strong force of the Salvation Army is its parades, and also its bands. The municipal council of Torquay, a health resort in the South of England, decided that it did not want brass bands and Salvation Army parades, and so passed an enactment forbidding them. This fired the heart of the young worker, and forming a procession, headed by a brass band, she paraded the streets of the place, calling upon the lost to join the grandest Army in the world—the Army that led to salvation.

The mobs at Torquay were so incensed at the action of the young girl that they attacked both her and her small Army with sticks and stones. The authorities, claiming she had infringed the law, had her arrested. She fought the case so determinedly in the courts that finally Parliament repealed the obnoxious enactment. During a most serious riot at Eastbourne she nobly stood by her band of followers, refusing to flee to safety when her life was in actual danger.

"Such is the history of the unique lady whom the large audience listened so attentively to last night in the Windsor Hall."

So ran brief excerpts from the Montreal Star, which, with other city papers, reported the Commissioner's visit at length.

The keen disappointment caused by the postponement of the Commissioner's visit, through her sudden and serious illness, was somewhat modified by the assurance that the Commissioner would visit Montreal two weeks from the first date proposed. Consequently expectation and anticipation had deepened into the intensest interest, so that when the Commissioner stepped upon the platform of the beautiful Windsor Hall, she found a large and enthusiastic audience awaiting her arrival. The greeting accorded the Commissioner evidenced the high esteem in which the Montreal citizens held the chief administrator of the Army in our Dominion, and the appreciation they felt for the effort she had made, though through physical suffering, to keep her appointment.

After the preliminaries, Brigadier Puzmire read the appended address of welcome, supplementing the written address with warm words of admiration for the Commissioner's work and explanation of her weak condition.

Address of Welcome

Montreal, Que.,

Feb. 10th, 1901.

Dear Commissioner,—

We are delighted to have the pleasure of welcoming you back to our city. We treasure very pleasant recollections of your last visit, on which occasion this large, beautiful building in which we are now gathered was packed to the doors.

We have followed you since then, in your journeys across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and rejoice over the many triumphs of His grace that God has been pleased to give you.

We endorse the mission of the Salvation Army, which you have the honor to represent in our fair Dominion. We

believe in its General, the founder of the movement, whose influence for God enircles the world.

We know a little about your toils in London's dark slums, your zeal, visitations and your compassion for the suffering and oppressed of all kinds. And as their leader, your brave officers, who have consecrated their lives for the annihilation of mankind, welcome you. Your faithful, devoted, and self-sacrificing soldiers welcome their Commissioner. The admirers and supporters of the Salvation Army gathered here welcome Miss Booth, the philanthropist, the friend of the poor.

Signed on behalf of the officers, soldiers, and friends of the city.

J. S. and M. Puzmire,

Provincial Officers.

The Montreal people were intensely sympathetic. So much was the Commissioner impressed with their deep sympathy that, after her opening remarks in which she responded graciously to the cordial reception given her, she urged upon the audience not to think of her, as she hoped now that her strength would not fail her, and for an hour and fifteen minutes she held them with spell-bound and breathless interest.

From the Witness report I call the following:

A BROKEN LINK.

Large Audiences Heard Miss Booth's Addresses Yesterday.

"Miss Eva Booth, the Salvation Army Commissioner for Canada, was greeted with applause when she appeared in the Windsor Hall yesterday before the large audiences which gathered to hear her in both afternoon and evening meetings. The Commissioner has not yet quite recovered from the effects of her late illness, and her voice is weak, but the audience gave a close and quiet attention, which made it possible to hear her without difficulty.

"Miss Booth speaks with eloquence and not a little dramatic power, and her varied knowledge of human experience—from the prison cell to the palatial drawing-room—enables her to use telling illustrations on every point.

"In the afternoon she spoke on 'A Broken Link,' basing the subject on the words of the prophet son—"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." The speaker dwelt on the inestimable advantages of a good home. If we could boast more Christian homes in the land, there would be fewer prisons and jails. The complete circle of a happy family was likened to a chain, and when the prodigal went out from his home to follow his own course it was a link broken. Every one in the world received a portion, it might be many talents or few. It was a common excuse to think that if we had the talent and opportunities of some one else we should do more than with our own, but for the use we made of our portion we should be held responsible.

"It was unique, splendid. I have enjoyed it much," said a leading city employer to me as I hastened from the hall. "But it is too much strain for Miss Booth in her present weary condition."

Windsor Hall Re-Filled.

The brilliant lights of this magnificent audience chamber shone upon a bright

assemblage at seven o'clock. Long before the hour announced the place was packed with an eager, expectant crowd.

The Commissioner again rose splendidly to the occasion, continuing the subject of the afternoon, and poured out living, burning truths clothed in eloquent language. The attention of the listeners was riveted as the Commissioner depicted scenes after scenes from human life, introducing graphic and thrilling metaphors and similes of her logical reasoning upon sin and its consequences. The Commissioner concluded her forceful address with searching, piercing questions, urging upon all an immediate decision for God, truth, and righteousness, to which alive souls responded in the prayer meeting which followed.

Knights of the Red Cross.

"A grand, a magnificent climax," was Brigadier Puzmire's opinion warmly expressed when speaking of the Commissioner's campaign. "Surpasses all previous records," he exclaimed. "This, I think was the verdict of all who were privileged to be present at the 'finale' of the Montreal Campaign. I can best describe this gathering in quotations from the Witness' report:

KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

Miss Eva Booth Gives an Outline of Army Work—A Splendid Address Heard by Many People.

"A large audience greeted Miss Booth again in the Windsor Hall last evening and listened with closest interest to her magnificent address on the 'Knights of the Red Cross.' This service was undoubtedly the climax, as well as the final one of the series. It was by a herculean effort that Miss Booth had got through Sunday's engagements, but she seemed to have gained much additional strength last night, and the result was a most inspiring meeting. Brigadier Puzmire conducted the opening exercises and Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, chief secretary of the Army's Social operations in Canada, offered the invocation.

On the platform were the Revs. E. De Gruchy, Ducloux, Hubly, McCarter, and Prof. Villard, as well as a large number of officers and soldiers and the brass band of the local corps. Just previous to Miss Booth's address the Brigadier sang, 'Wonderful Words of Life,' and remarked that the last time he sang it in one of the Commissioner's meetings it was in the Central Prison, Toronto, when forty-one prisoners stood up for prayer. The Commissioner on rising to speak, was greeted with a volley of hand-clapping. She was not here, she said, to introduce the Salvation Army. During the thirty odd years of its existence it had made impressions through its gallant officers and soldiers that would never be obliterated and had done a work that needed no apology. She was kept so busy with the work that she had little time to stop to talk about what was being done.

Practical Religion.

"Miss Booth divided her address into three parts: 'Whence come we? Where are we? and Whither bound?' Under the first head she explained that the Army was made up of all classes of people. Some had been dragged out of the lowest depths of misery and degradation. After they were polished they were found to be diamonds. Others came from the law office, the college, the mansion, the counting-house, the farm; and, being composed of all classes, the Army was wonderfully adapted to reach all classes. In illustration of her statement the speaker related several very touching instances of homes transformed, drunkards converted, and distress relieved. The explanation of the thought, 'Where are we? Miss Booth would say, 'Where are we needed?' The Army took its stand amid sorrow, evil, and want, with agencies, schemes and efforts to alleviate the world's woe.

Parading was not all the Army did; the street meeting, which she loved, and which had done incalculable good, was but one of many agencies employed to meet the masses and the classes. She told of drunkards, gamblers, abandoned persons, and would-be suicides, who had been rescued through open-air work. Prison, reformatory, and hospital visitation was another grand work carried on by the League of Mercy with the most gratifying results. The Army, she remarked, had access to almost every prison in the Dominion outside of Quebec Province, and they hoped yet to get in here. They had nearly converts enough in some prisons, saved since their incarceration, to form a corps. When prisoners came out they were met by the Army, and situations found for them. The work of the Men's Shelter, Rescue Homes, etc., was also dealt with in a most interesting manner. After telling marvelous tales of the redemption of wayward boys and girls, the Commissioner concluded her address by saying that she thought that of all the attributes of 'Diet' 'Mercy' was the best. Whither Bound? The bow of every Army ship was heeled for the port of heaven; she hoped all present would get on board.

"Willie and Pearl, who were introduced as Miss Booth's armor-bearers, received an ovation and delighted the audience with har drills, bug drills, and a duet. It was explained that Miss Booth's weak condition was accountable for the absence of her harp and the cancellation of the soldiers' and officers' council she had intended holding to-night. The meeting closed with the benediction, and Miss Booth left by the 10:30 train for Toronto.

PEACEMAKERS.

(To our frontispiece.)

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. v. 9.

Peacemaking is not always an enviable work. One who attempts it is frequently considered partial, but it is a position that angels might well envy.

What a trivial thing a thistle seed is; a thousand may be blown across a sown wheat-field by a wind, and nobody would notice the difference. So often trivial things come between friends and sow the seed of distrust, spoiling the lives of both. Beware of rash words; of hasty judgments; of quickly pronounced opinions.

The weeds of jealousy, envy, pride, misunderstanding, etc., sown grow up into a hedge between two hearts and embitter them first to each other, then to themselves, and finally the two lives are turned from each other and from God. No man can hold grudges against his brother and continue to love God and serve Him faithfully.

The business of Salvationists is to effect a reconciliation between estranged parties; it is essential before their salvation can be attempted. The Bible is plain about it. "First be reconciled to your brother," etc.

It is of the greatest importance that there should be no estrangement between Salvation soldiers. "Oh, there are none, surely, among Salvationists!" you exclaim.

Well, we wish there were none, but we know that there are some occasionally. Now, there can be no true revival while there is discord among brethren. Every effort must be made to bring about a reconciliation between comrades. Let there be no discordant note in the harmony of the Salvation family; you belong to, but see to it that you do your part to keep the instrument in tune.

All misunderstandings lead often to back-sliding if allowed to continue. Many a broken-hearted backslider can testify to that fact. The largest percentage of backsliders have to "put something straight with somebody" ere they find re-acceptance with God. To work, then, comrades, with axe and hatchet, to cut down the hedge of prejudices and hindrance, until brother is reconciled to brother, and "peace on earth" is no longer a blessed promise only.



Pl. St. Charles Citizen: "Hurry along; we must catch this train to get to the Windsor Hall to hear Miss Booth."

A LANTERN SERVICE "FIFTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO."

NORLAND.—Since last report you have sought salvation, and is taking her stand nobly, Hallelujah! Ensign Perry, the Traveling Financial Special, has paid us his first visit, and although the crowd was not very large, yet God blesses his visit to us, and we shall look forward with pleasure to another visit from him. May God bless him in his new field. Keep watch for more from your obedient servant,—Reppie Hinesal. Tpac.

PICTON.—Last temperance meeting Salvation Army held to the saving of God. Our dear old how once, no drink, he would have and family, but for us. He knew she was Trens. Archman, a spoke of what God stro. Dan Phillips well that he sor drinks before her taken the desire for Jewell's reading of S-M. DeWitt's P Ensign and Mrs. P also Lieut. Jewell just one verse from "a smooker," etc. meetings were good spoke to many, but Little Love.

Keep Believing, Soldiers

NORTH STONEY, C. B.—Monday was a stormy day, consequently the crowds were small, but a beautiful spirit prevailed among the soldiers. On Monday night, while the Captain went to inspect the officers' company from the barracks, Mrs. Thompson visited me. She read from Timothy I, 15. The few who were present felt almost persuaded to come to Jesus, but again settled down in that same spiritual lethargy. Tuesday night, the meeting was in our midst. Wednesday night was a repetition of Monday, the meeting led by Mrs. Thompson resulted in one backslider returning to God. She testified, "I'm a backslider." Thursday night Adjt. Dowell, our District Officer, paid us a visit. He is one of the old-time rangers. Although it was a stormy night, we had quite a number of people to the meeting. The District Officer was very pleasant and intelligent and his presence was a great help. He gave. One backslider, who earnestly pleaded with that night, came next night and got properly saved. We were much disappointed over the Commissioner's postponed visit. —Married.

TRIPS.

A Sermon on Drink.

OGDENSBURG.—Sunday we enrolled two soldiers. Mr. Plumb, one of Ogdenburg's gentlemen, spoke on the afternoon on the drink, and he believed that the time would soon come when women could vote against it. Lieut. Rutledge and two Prescott comrades helped in the meeting, and we had a blessed time. "Victory," is our motto.

"Workless faith God never regards,
Faithless work God never rewards."

Two More Happy Homes.

PARIS.—Since the *South-Saving* Troupe visited us we have had some real good times. The revival has not ceased. Last Sunday night two sought salvation when the Spirit of the Lord has been striving with for a long time. The first was a soldier in the army. The Army first came to Paris. These are good cases, and their testimonies and appearance in the open-air have caused the devil to look in amazement. Their wives both got saved while the husband was in the army. The second was a young man, an ex-convict, which has made two more happy homes in Paris. On Thursday night we had the pleasure of seeing another prodigious coming home to the Saviour. A complete change has taken place here. Truly it is a land of the Holy Spirit, and we are glad to give all the glory to God. — S. E. Smith, McLaughlin.

God's Spirit Spoke Loudly.

PETERBORO.—Our meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday were conducted by Adj. Woodruff, in the absence of Adj. Babbington, who was heading at Campbellford. God's Spirit spoke loudly to the unconverted, and two precious souls sought the Saviour.—Nellie Smith, R. C.

Engine Push III with the Grippe

PICTON.—Ensign Pugh has been suffering from an attack of the gripple, and in consequence has been compelled to leave the direction of affairs to Mrs. Pugh and Lient. Jewell. The Ensign managed to get down to the soldiers' meeting held at the quarters on Tuesday evening. His face cheered the heart of each comrade present. Sunday's meetings were conducted by Mrs. Pugh and the Lieutenant, ably assisted by the soldiers. The special collection on Sunday night amounted to £5.50. We mean victory in Picton.—Lillie Love.

A Temperance Meeting.

PICOTON—Last Thursday night a temperance meeting was held in the Salvation Army barracks. Many testified to the saving and keeping power of the Holy Spirit, and declared that, had it not been for the influence of drink, he would have murdered his wife and family, but for his mother's prayers. He knew she was praying for him, and he was praying for her. J. S. Treas. Arehman, and Bro. Stormy also spoke of what God had done for them. Bro. Dan Phillips loved the whiskey so well that he sometimes had fifteen dollars a week for it. He had been taken the desire for it away now. Sergt. Jewell's reading was good, and J. S. S.-M. DeWitt's was short and sweet, and to the point. The singing was by the Ladies' Glee Club. The Evening read just one verse from Bro. Hook's. "Wine is a mocker," etc. Sunday, all day, the meetings were good. Good was said and done, but none would join.

LITTLE LEVO.

Crowds are Increasing.

PORT HOPE. -- Souls are getting saved. Since last report six have knelt at the Altar and received pardon. Soldiers' and holiness meetings are times of inspiration and power, and the crowds are increasing. We are giving God the glory and marching on to greater victories. -- Mary Crozier, Lieut.

Five in the Fountains

RICHMOND ST.—God is leading us on to victory. We had five souls in the Fountain Sunday night. We are preparing for the Siege, and praying for victory, which we believe God will give us.—M. J. Langridge.

amorphous.

SULLY COVE.—Ensign Brown, with the gramophone, was with us on Wednesday and Thursday. His visit was exceedingly appreciated by all present. We are believing for a big smash are long in the enemy's ranks.—Lieut. Tapp.

Dereas Auxiliary Band.

SIMCOE.—Adj. Blackburn has started a "Dorcas Auxiliary Band," which is made up of sisters and friends of the corps. The first meeting held by them took place last Thursday night. A good crowd was present, and the meeting proved successful in every way. The members are to be congratulated on the excellent program they had prepared for the occasion, which everyone present seemed delighted with. They also had on sale a splendid assortment of needle, crochets, and other fancy work, made and

FIFTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO

CXNBIDGE.—We welcomed Euseius Perry, our new P. F. S., on Saturday, July 2nd. A former Indian service, he is titled "Go-Be-lun-Zee," meaning "The Salvation Army in the Klondike," was given, which proved a help and blessing to all. The meetings on Sunday were also conducted by the Euseius, assisted by Capt. Rose. God came very near, and His Spirit strove mightily with the people. While we were closing up to home, one of our Indian comrades, a student of the Bible, came and gave him the witness that souls would be saved. We continued the prayer meeting and two backsliders came home and took their stand for God.—Lient. Minnis.

The Red-Hot Brigade.

VALLEY CITY.—We have had a visit from our P. O., Major Southall, which was enjoyed by all. The crowds and finances were good, and the hearts of the comrades were gladdened by the soldiers' meeting he led. The Red-Hot Brigade has again visited the corps and had excellent crowds. We are believing for a mighty revival as a result of our



Bro. Caunte is an active soldier who takes much interest in the work of the corps, and is always ready to help in any way. Capt. McCann writes:

"During the past few weeks Bro. Caunte has been very successfully collecting money for the furnishing of the officers' quarters. While Mrs. Caunte is not a soldier, she helps her husband as much as she can in his duties as a soldier."

A POPULAR WEDDING

Brother Hatchett and Sister Shelley, of
Lisgar St., Married by Major Turner.

The long-looked-forward-to event has at last taken place. The Lisgar St. barracks was filled to its utmost capacity on Wednesday, Feb. 6th, to witness Major Turner join together our two comrades, Bro. Matchett and Sister Maria Shelley, which was done, as unacknowledged by all present, in a real happy style.

The bride and groom, with their attendants, headed by the Major, entered the barracks amid the cheers of the people, the band playing a wedding march. After the noise had subsided, the bride and groom were joined heartily in the opening song, and prayer was offered up to God for His presence and His blessing assisted in the future of the happy couple. Mrs. Libby, who had been seated, was then called upon for a few remarks. The treasurer spoke highly of Bro. Matchett, and testified to his being a good and true soldier of Jesus Christ. He then presented a testimonial, and complimented him on getting a good wife. Mrs. Bowers spoke in behalf of Sister Shelley, who has been a member of the church for many years, and always willing to help those in need, and a true servant of God. Assistant Goodwin's few words of sound, practical advice and encouragement were appreciated. The wedding song, hymn and the "Amen" were sung. The bride brought forth much applause. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Arehild, under whose instrumentality Bro. Matchett got converted, was called upon to read the version, and was pleased to see that he had kept to his vows.

The most interesting party of the evening was now called upon, "Col." Mafelheit. He came to the front and spoke in a happy and confident mood. The audience was all as one in feeling.

"I am glad," he said, "to see you here again, my dear friends, on this anniversary."

"Remember," he stated, "that I enjoyed his position very much so far, and intended to go on just as before."

"But," he continued, "I have met great S. A. The little stool up amid shouts and cheers from the people and comrades. She seemed very happy, and was glad above all else that she had been able to do her share in giving of a clean heart. Staff-Captain Archibald contrasted marriages that were of God and marriages that were not of God. An appropriate address was given by the Rev. Dr. Stanyon. Stanyon then closed the meeting by prayer, not for better, however, inviting us to get divorced from the devil and married Jesus Christ."

Fariand, R. C.

The golden rule in cold weather is undoubtedly to keep the extremities warm.



presented by themselves, which demanded a ready sale. After the meeting coffee and sandwiches were passed around. Many expressed their desire to have another similar meeting in the near future. We are preparing for the Siege, expecting to reach our target. "Victory," is our motto.—B. G.

A Young Man Saved

SPOKANE.—Last Sunday a young man came to the Mercy Seat. We feel especially grateful to the Lord to see young men and women coming to Him. —Joe Logan, R. C.

Eleven Soaking Souls.

STRATFORD, Ont.—A general awakening and revival of interest, and eleven precious souls seeking for mercy, has been the result of hard work and earnest prayer during the past week. The beauties of Christianity and the incomprehensible love of Christ, together with the realities of eternity, and the penalty of sin, have been brought to bear upon the hearts of the people in a remarkable and convincing manner. The Holy Spirit is working, and many are almost persuaded to become Christians.

—Onlooker.

Forty Sought Salvation.

TWEED.—God has been blessing us wonderfully in this place lately. We had two or three week-meetings for soldiers, and God the Holy Ghost came upon us, and a number were sanctified, and then the fire spread. Some of the soldiers fasted and prayed two following Sundays between the afternoon and night meetings. Last Sunday night the invita-

special meetings. Father Harvey, an old and faithful comrade, bade us farewell last Sunday. An enormous crowd assembled at the barracks to bid him farewell. He will be missed here, and the prayers of all the comrades and Christian people go with him, that he may prove the same blessing where he has gone, that he was in this corps.—A comrade.

Is Your Soul Insured?

A little boy on his father's knee
 said: "Papa, is your soul insured?"
 "Why do you ask, my son?"
 "Because I heard Uncle Frank say
 that you had your house insured, and
 your life insured, but he did not think
 you thought of your soul, and he was
 afraid you would lose it. Can't you
 get it insured right away?"
 It was all too true, and the father
 was led to seek the Divine guarantee
 of his son's well-being.

Nearly half a century ago I formed the China Inland Mission, and from the day of its conception to the present time we have never taken up a collection, but depended entirely upon volunteer contributions, and we have never lacked for any good thing. Verily, we have taken no thought for the morrow, but, like the Children of Israel, who gathered the manna in the wilderness, those who gathered most had no surplus, and those who gathered less had no lack.—J. Hudson Taylor.

OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE

Jerse Topics.

RECONCILIATION.

What a beautiful opportunity to start the Siege well we have in Reconciliation Week. It is well that everything that causes discord among ourselves, wherever it exists, should be removed at any and all cost. Then, what better start for a revival could we have than the reclaiming of the backslider. He is with us everywhere. Visit him, let him feel your deepest interest in him, and by converting him you at once win a soul and remove a stumbling-block out of the way of sinners. The success of Reconciliation Week will give you the key to the success of the Siege in your corps.

Daily Food.

SUNDAY.—St. John ix. 24-31.

The blind man bravely sought to see, and became for all time a radiant witness to Christ. By this faithfulness he achieved two things: he confronted all the learning of the Pharisees, and put them to an open shame; he also won from the Lord Jesus a very special and precious token of His love. Let us follow the good example here furnished. What Christ looks for from us is a witness of living faith which His energy and power have created in our hearts and lives. So long as we render Him this service, we need not be concerned that we cannot silence our objections, heated or otherwise. Maintaining our faith, Christ will graciously confirm our love by multiplying the eternal realities of our sweet fellowship with Him.

MONDAY.—St. John x. 18.

"I am the Good Shepherd." "That art indeed the Good Shepherd; but we must acknowledge that there often appears in us something that looks very much like a denial of this truth. Remember, then, to be the Good Shepherd, why are we sometimes so slow to follow Thee? Why do we ever doubt that Thy commandments are better than our own conceits? Why murmur at the ruggedness of any path? Why look with wistful eyes at the pasture which Thou forbiddeth? We name Thee the Good Shepherd; but is there not some hypocrisy in the joy with which we do it?"

TUESDAY.—St. John x. 19-42.

"And many came unto Him; and they said, John indeed did no sign; but all things whatsoever John spoke of this Man were true. And many believed on Him there." John's ministry was without sign, but it was not therefore resultless and in vain, for it furnished a true testimony to Christ. In His retreat beyond Jordan, Jesus Himself reaped abundantly where His forerunner had sown. For us, too, life may be without miracle, but it need not be without precious result. Our great and chief business is, like the Baptist, to speak of Jesus the things that are true. Like him, too, we may not reap the harvest with our own sickle; but the Master will surely see to its being gathered into His barns.

WEDNESDAY.—St. John xi. 1-16.

The Gospels give to us pictures of Christ as our Helper and Friend in a complete series of typical situations which represent all our need. In this chapter we behold Him as the Lord of our hours of anguish. Appealed to by the sisters of Bethany, He at once undertakes on their behalf. Study His way. In every matter we commit to Christ, we shall, with absolute certainty,

see His salvation; but the time and the manner faith must leave with Him. The removal of our sorrow seems often so simple a matter, and we wonder Christ does not at once just do the thing which would certainly bring relief, even as the Jews suggested that Christ could have caused that Lazarus should not die, and by so simple a means have averted much distress. So study the case of Lazarus as Jesus viewed it, and you will learn that your sorrow, too, has ramifications of connection with many and great interests, all of which Christ wishes to further through His mercy shown to you.

THURSDAY.—St. John xi. 17-44.

"I am the resurrection and the life." "Your brother is dead, you say, and buried. Look unto Me, says Christ, and let your tears be dried, for I am the life. If your brother had life, that life is in Me. My life is the pledge of his. Because I live, he shall live also. By faith perceive your brother clothed with the boundless wealth of the life that is in Me. I am the resurrection as well as the life. The incorruptible body of your Saviour is a pledge of the redemption of the body as well as the soul. Faith brings to Me a lost and corrupt soul; it brings Me also a dead and corrupt body, and receives in exchange an imperishable, glorious body."

FRIDAY.—St. John xi. 45-57.

We learn to-day how Christ's kindness to Martha and Mary became the occasion of His own death. Moved to deepest jealousy and hatred by the raising of Lazarus, the Pharisees felt they could tolerate Him no longer. "So from that day forth they took counsel that they might put Him to death." Let us learn from this not to be turned from our loyalty to Christ when evil is returned for our good. Not the approval and benediction of our fellows are to nerve us to patient continuance in well doing, but the smile and gracious approving of our Heavenly Master.

SATURDAY.—St. John xii. 1-11.

Six days before the Passover, at which He knew death awaited Him, Jesus returns from His hiding-place in the country to the home in Bethany. He deliberately puts Himself within the reach of His murderers. If they had the heart and the will to slay Him, He was not going to deny them the opportunity to do it. We are not to test the providence of God by the safety it seems to promise to provide from hurt and trial. The chief thing is to be quite sure we are walking in the will of God; and on that point we never need be in doubt. For our sakes Christ all wittingly took the way of certain death.

WHAT THE "S S" STAND FOR.

Salvation Soldier, of Christ our King,
Saved to serve Jesus, His promises to sing;
Saved to fight bravely, whatever the cost;
Saved to save sinners, or they will be lost;
Fearing not Satan, the foe of his King,
Fearing not scoffers, whose laughter may ring;
Steadfastly marching, with courage and might,
The Salvation Soldier is born for the fight.

Sanctified Soldier, with heart clean and pure,
Filled with the Spirit, and power to endure;
Filled with that peace, which the world does not know;
Washed in the blood, and made whiter than snow;
Speaking and praying with fervor and love,
Trusting the Saviour for aid from above;

Loving Him truly, whatever the tide,
Knowing His love shall forever abide.

Self-denying Soldier, now bearing his cross,
Gladly enduring the toil and the loss,
Bravely enduring the hardship and pain,
Never once caring earth's riches to gain.

Never refusing to honor his Lord,
Cheerfully giving as means will afford,
Never once shrinking the work Christ has given,
Knowing his treasure is laid up in heaven.

Scriptural Soldier, with Spirit's sharp sword,
Bravely attacking the foes of his Lord;
Striking conviction in many a heart,
Causing the sinner from evil to part,
Daily believing the Word to be true,
Daily perusing a portion or two,

Daily receiving fresh help from above,
Daily increasing in wisdom and love.
P. N. E.
Grande Grece, Que., Feb., 1901.

Steps are being taken by the temperance bodies of Halifax to introduce a prohibitory liquor law in the Provincial Legislature at the approaching session. The temperance people say they think this an opportune time, for it will likely be the last session of the legislature before dissolution and a general election.

It is by prayer that the misadventure gains his greatest conquests. I have stood face to face with a savage, and held on to his rifle, lest he might shoot me for his meal, but it was not my strength, but my prayer, that overcame.—John G. Paton.



Reid and Mrs. Pugh and Little Alice.

History Class.

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONSTANTINE AND JULIAN.

Constantine the Great left three sons, who divided the Empire between them. Two were slain early in life, leaving Constantine, the second and worst of the brothers, as the Emperor. He was an Arian and banished Athanasius again, who was sheltered by Pope Liberius in Rome, but had finally to seek refuge in the Egyptian desert.

Constantine attempted to put down Liberius, who had grown in power, by placing Felix, an Arian, on the papal chair. The Romans, however, would not submit to that decree, nor to a joint ruling of Felix and Liberius. Felix was forced to fly, and Liberius only remained in power.

Meantime the King of Persia, Sapor, attacked Nisibis, the most easterly city of the Empire, where Bishop James held out with the people for four months, until Sapor's army sickened, and, believing the city under special divine protection, gave up the siege and marched away.

Constantius was a vain, timid, and jealous man. He delighted in pomp and feared his cousin Julian, who had studied at Athens, and thought the old Greek philosophy grander than the Christianity shown by the Emperor and his effeminate court.

Constantine sent Julian to fight the Germans at the border of Gaul, but upon hearing of his success and favor with the soldiers, the Emperor recalled him. This resulted in the army proclaiming Julian Emperor. On his way to Constantinople the news reached him of Constantius' death.

In 361 A.D. Julian reached the capital and was received as Emperor. He at once threw away any pretension of Christianity and opened the old heathen temples again. He declared all and any form of religion free to anybody, but endeavored to make Christianity despicable to the people. When he was told that the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem served our Lord a true prophet, he ordered the same to be rebuilt. When the foundations were dug there was an outburst of smoke and flame which forced the workmen to flee, which was counted as a miracle of God.

All attempts to prop up the old paganism resulted in failure, and Julian grew bitter when he saw the followers of his belief did not produce as honorable and noble lives as Christianity.

Julian went with a fine army against Sapor of Persia. The Persians wisely evaded open battles and retreated until the Romans, half starved, were obliged to turn back. Then Sapor attacked the rear and cut off the stragglers. Julian bravely shared the privations of his soldiers. At last a javelin pierced him under his arm. It is said that he caught some of his blood in his other hand, and casting it toward heaven, cried, "Galliban, Thou hast conquered."

The soldiers chose a plain, honest Christian soldier, named Jovian, as their leader. He did his best by making a treaty with Sapor, giving up all lands beyond the Tigris and surrendering the brave city of Nisibis. Jovian died ere he reached Constantinople. The soldiers chose Valentinian, a brave, rough man, and devout Catholic.

(To be continued.)

The most careful stockmen of Texas will not employ a man on their ranches who drinks. They find such help is too expensive, as they are not careful enough with the stock. The Texas "cowboy" must be a sober man, at least while at work on the plains. And thus the temperance cause advances, and in quarters we least look for it.

The Em



CHAPTER

Henry Whitliffe, of his employers, unyielding, and Ind its at least in the trustful manager, Lock, and Stone, in position.

He was cu time to time about and some of the cler stand how he could, (250), wear costly fashionable clothing, business every mo penny-phaeton.

The manager po servations, or treati ally applied to the a gentleman whose n specially as Henry s tion to his salary, draw upon his ablu experience. The susp must be expressions Mr. Henry, and so bearing such an hor was connected with Nevertheless, Hen receiving the firm, to in the last chapte formed an additio teduced him to ony End fast "sets." A clerk of Messrs. Wat a cunning, overle fellow. Whitliffe a his name) became pa drinking and gambli

The inevitable ca into debt, and, as is who treat debt light the bankrupt metho bar, by contracting became entangled in ties, gambling, pu all sorts of debts.

One morning he gatta, Turner met V ment to talk over fr don't get money fro Henry, the game is "This was Turner's

"Well, I'm sick of "So am I; let's chu on, sincerely. "C 1100 from your stat "Not a suspense, covered only last n jory had advanced n her cheque-book fro

"The snipe!" "I shall shot it." "No, you won't." "No, you won't." "Yes, it's setting."

"Well, £10,000 t through your hand arrangement—just t mess—you can easil

"Never!" exclaim hinted last week th inde entry in my l to keep clean book, he hung before I do

"No, no, you won't geese. I don't wa trick. All I ask is range your account 2500 to play with fo can easily be done, not know. As we money, and will be fortnight, no one w done. The firm is after all, for you to feelings, and—"

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Henry Whitliffe, made no reply. T

The Embezzlement of Five Thousand Pounds.

BY A. M. N.

CHAPTER V. IN THE COILS OF A SERPENT.

Henry Whitecliffe rose in the estimation of his employers. He was punctual, methodical, and industrious in his habits—at least in the judgment of his trustful manager, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Stone. Whitecliffe also rose in position.

Remarks were certainly heard from time to time about his gay appearance, and some of the clerks could not understand how he could, on a salary of only £250, wear costly rings and jewelry, fashionable clothing, and come up to business every morning in a smart top-hat.

The manager pough-poughed these observations, or treated them as undesignedly applied to the son of the well-known gentleman whose name Henry bore, especially as Henry stated that, in addition to his salary, he was entitled to draw upon his sister for all his home-expenses. The suspicions were, in fact, met by expressions of sympathy with Mr. Henry, and satisfaction in the hearing such an honorable man as his was connected with the firm.

Nevertheless, Henry Whitecliffe was deceiving the firm. The woman alluded to in the last chapter, with whom he had formed an adulterous intimacy even in reduced him to one of London's West End fast "sets." Among them was a clerk of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Stone's—a cunning, overhearing, reckless young fellow. Whitecliffe and Turner's was his name) became pals in course of time, drinking and gambling together.

The inevitable came to pass. They fell into debt, and, as is the rule with people who treat debt lightly, they resorted to the bankrupt method of raising "off one" by contacting another, until they became entangled in a network of liabilities, gambling, publicans, clubs, pals—all sorts of debts.

One morning before the Thames Regatta, Turner met Whitecliffe by appointment to talk over their affairs. "If we don't get money from somewhere to-day, Henry, the game is up."

This was Turner's first dart. "Well, I'm sick of it," cried Whitecliffe. "So am I, but 'chuck it,' Turner, wear on, insincerely. 'Can you borrow a £100 from your sister till next week?"

"Not a sixpence, for her husband discovered only last night the house Marjory had advanced me, and he has taken her cheque-book from her—poor girl!"

"The snipe!"

"I shall 'bolt it,' Turner, I shall."

"No, you won't. I've got a plan. Tomorrow you are extra busy."

"Yes, it's set line-up day."

"Well, £10,000 to £15,000 will pass through your hands. As a temporary arrangement—just to get us out of this mess—you can 'casualty'—you know."

"Never!" exclaimed Whitecliffe. "You hinted last week that I should make a false entry in my books. No, I intend to keep clean books, old man, I'll sooner be hung before I do such a dirty trick!"

"No, no, you won't, you must, and water goes. I don't want you to do a dirty trick. All I ask is that you so rearrange your accounts that you will have £200 to play with for a week or two. It can easily be done. The manager will not know. As we intend to return the money, and will be able to do so in a fortnight, no one will suffer. It is often done. The firm is more obliged to you, after all, for you to do it. To 'set your feelings,' and—"

"I can't," said Whitecliffe, in a weak tone of voice. He was wavering.

"It is either this or eternal disgrace. If we don't pay up—"

"Come to the business and raise it down, awkward, and then, there is Madame—"

"—at the mention of whose name Whitecliffe gave expression to a deep groan and an oath. He was in the coils of a serpent.

Turner had played his cards cleverly, saw that at last he held Whitecliffe in his grasp, and so he softened in his manner. "Treat the whole thing, Henry, as a matter of pure accommodation; and in a fortnight's time we shall surely be able to squeeze out a couple of hundred quid. I can see my way for £50 of it, anyhow."

Henry Whitecliffe, unstable as water, made no reply. It was time to be at

their desks, and so, after giving a few hurried glances at the morning papers, they opened their ledgers, picked up their pens, and the rustling, flapping sound of tissue, invoices, and book folios, etc., marked the progress of affairs.

"Good morning, Whitecliffe," said the manager, as usual, "how's the mail?"

"Very heavy, am glad to say."

"You don't look well this morning."

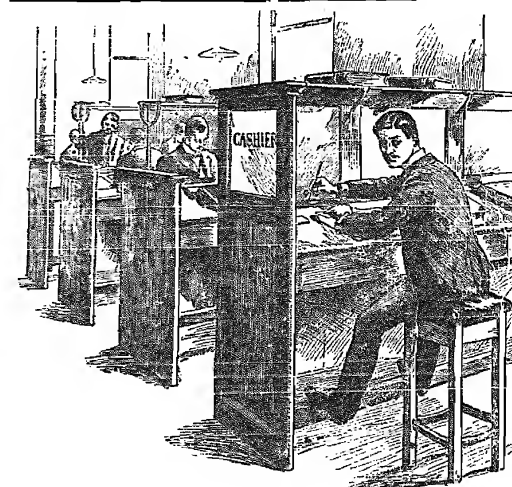
"Don't I?" exclaimed Whitecliffe, nervously. "I feel all serene," which was a lie, of course, for he was about to die his pen in ink for the purpose of defrauding and embezzling the money of the firm.

"Your looks are not serene," replied the manager. "After the rush of yesterday I shall insist on your easing off for a few days."

"Very kind of you, very kind, sir; I don't deserve it"—which was only too grimly correct.

"Oh! my God, what a fool I am!" he soliloquised, when left alone at his desk.

Yes, Henry Whitecliffe, your judgment is a faithful one. But, alas, that you should be so foolish as not, even now, to draw back from committing a folly and a crime that will overwhelm you in an ocean of misery!



His First Fraud.

MY LAST NOTES.

Farewell Jottings About the E. O. P.

By ENSIGN PARKER.

Quebec, ah, beautiful Quebec! Its military armament, its bracing air, its glorious scenery. The I. C. R. train rushed in, the ferry boat ploughed through the foaming waves, and I am once more at Quebec. Capt. Norman is smiling like a man who looks for brighter days ahead. Capt. Grose has actually become portly on the bracing air and good fare of Quebec.

When stationed here, some years ago, I was often annoyed by someone shooting peas around during the meeting, but did not discover the culprit; but now a bright, smiling lad of elegant years, sits before me and tells me he was the mischief-maker, and, like many another lively boy, got caught in the Army net, and now takes delight in spreading salvation.

"Thank God I ever lost that hand," he said, as he showed a badly mangled member. "Twice pay-day. We boys were going to have a night out, which meant a night of sin and vice, but

Scene: A large parlor in one of London's popular restaurants. Time: 11.30 p.m. Present: Henry Whitecliffe, Dick Turner, and four other young swells. Subject of discussion: the coming Thames Regatta, which involved sundry bets figuring from £1 to £20.

The subject had reached the "warm" stage, and was continued as follows:—

Turner: "£20 to £1 on Smith."

Whitecliffe: "I haven't a silver left of my morning haul."

Turner: "There's more where it came from." This with a sneer.

Whitecliffe: "You scoundrel! How dare you—"

"Gent'men, gent'men," came a chorus of voices.

Turner: "Whitecliffe," under the strong influence of drink, "repeat it—£20 to £1 on Smith."

Whitecliffe: "And I repeat—not a brass farthing."

Turner: "But you will."

Whitecliffe: "By the help of God, I won't!"

Turner: "You will!" with a hiss.

Whitecliffe: "I won't!" But weak, in fatigued Whitecliffe did again and again, replenishing his pocket from the same source, until he became quite an adept in the art of deception, but was not clever enough to avert the disaster that was overtaking him. He was in the coils of a serpent, and that serpent a woman.

She knew of his deceptions and defalcations, and, at an hour convenient to her own vain and sensual ends, she sold him to the police.

(To be continued.)

The C. P. R. has a notice to contributors to report on the cleanliness or otherwise of their cars at the end of their run, and then adds, "If the cars are not cleaned the first time you report, don't stop reporting, but keep on making the reports." I thought, now that is common sense, that is the way to pray, keep on making reports till your prayer is answered. God wants you to have a clean heart.

At Pembroke, a drunken man attended the meeting, and took great interest in it, especially in the Lieutenant. Towards the close a full occurrence in the prayer meeting. No one prayed. Mr. Drunk sat solemnly for a few moments, then said in an aggrieved tone, "God help us, we might as well go home." He hit the situation to a T. If we don't keep our meetings interesting, our audience might as well go home, and they will, and we have ourselves to blame for it.

I attended a few places where the atmosphere of the barracks would almost make your teeth chatter. Needless to say, we had a poor crowd and small collections. I would not care to spend an hour in such a hall myself, except a very strong sense of duty compelled me.

Traveling to K— a box became heated on the ear, it caused a lot of trouble and worry. I stopped off to watch the men at work along the line. I learned a lesson of the value of a cautious man. After a lot of apparent effort, one man became impatient, and said, "Oh, put in the pack, and let it run to T—." I heard his companion say, in a low tone, "No, it can't run to T—."

The safety of that heavily-laden train hung on that man's caution. Had that impatient man had his way you might have my photo in the Cry by this time as another great saint gone to heaven by way of a railway smash-up, but, thank God, the cautious man triumphed, and I'm not dead yet.

I arrived at Kalarad, met by Ensign Jones, lunched at Bro. Plesker's, an old soldier, he and his wife still true to the S. A. We started for Filinton. The horse was slippery, and I reminded me of the famous Ned I rode behind a year ago, in speed. If you wanted to go fast you got out and watched on ahead; he was a good beast, this one, though; it was his shoes that were to blame, he was always backsliding. There are other things beside horses that seem to be slippery shod. The Feinist seemed to know about this kind of thing when he said, "The law of God is in his heart, none of his steps shall slide." (Ps. xxxvii. 31.)

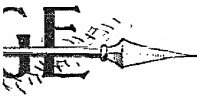
The old Book is a fine thing to give your feet a grip, it gives you the kind of a grip of earth that helps you to heaven.

Saturday morning we reached the home of Bro. Spicer, an old soldier of Twisted Corps, although for years away from the S. A., but he and his wife are true still. He tells us he began life in the back country a few years ago with "a cow, an axe, and a pitchfork," but has bewed out for himself a comfortable home. So much for plod and push, coupled with tact and the blessing of a soul who honors God.

Army influence seems to have reached everywhere. Go where you will, even in the smallest, farthest back places, we find friends, or old soldiers, or converts. The minister at Cloyne is an Army convert, and not afraid to let the people know it.

The writer fell sick, but between the efforts of kind friends and another Methodist preacher, was able to go on with his tour, emerged from the wilderness and got to Kingston for New Year's meetings. A few more corps visited, then farewelled. Good-bye, East Ontario. God bless you! May we all meet in the morning. Adieu.

Give not thy tongue to great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner; a word too spoken is, like the sword in thy scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand.—Francis Quarles.



Story Class.

—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONSTANTINUS AND JULIAN.

ntine the Great left three sons, ded the Empire between them, re slain early in life, leaving us, the second and worst of ers, as sole Emperor. He was ad banished Athanasius again, e-shed by Pope Liberius in ur had finally to seek refuge in ptinu desert.

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The Eastern Star Still Sheds Its Lustrous Rays—And Arab in Ontario's Lead Still Stays—Behind Him Lustrous Tots Patient Mag—While Nigger in Ontario's Rear Does Drag.

Hail, noble R. Oliphant Pickering, Chief Officer of the Maritime Provinces, for thou dost lead again this week! Then why shouldn't you always lead? Echo of Ontario's Provinces answers "Why."

Arab also is pursuing his triumphant race; he is the noblest of the noble Alex. McMillan, and has the Red Lion of Scotland on his shield. He is with unswerving energy outdistancing Nigger, who suffers from the cold.

The North-West list seems to be delayed on account of heavy snowstorms, blocked trains or some other imaginable or unimaginable reason. Sorry the Western hustlers' names have to be omitted this week on this account.

Hail, Crawford, the Persistent! Your perseverance is crowned at last, and this week the laurels of a ceremonial championship are yours. Mrs. Adj. Fraser is second and Lieut. Kitchen is third. Lt. Curdell of Hamilton I is fourth with 200 copies. These are splendid records.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

106 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	236
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	182
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, New Glasgow	150
P. S. M. McDowell, Moncton	150
Ensign Knight, Westville	125
Sergt. Veinot, Halifax II.	125
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	115
Capt. Clark, Carleton	110
Cadet Winkley, Sydney	109
Lieut. Taylor, Windsor	100
Nash Flood, Hamilton	100
Mrs. Santucci, Hamilton	100
Lieut. Richmond, Chatham	100
Capt. Alton, St. John II.	85
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	75
Lieut. White, Sussex	75
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	75
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, Hantsport	75
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	75
Lieut. March, Sydney	70
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	70
Lieut. Tatum, St. John V.	70
Capt. Ryan, Truro	65
Lieut. Johnson, Truro	65
Lieut. Vandine, Yarmouth	65
Cadet Kenny, St. John I.	65
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	65
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	60
Cadet Duncan, Springfield	60
Capt. Forester, Canby	55
Capt. Doyle, Hillsboro	55
M. Myers, Kentville	55
Adj. Miller, Hamilton	50
Lieut. McIvor, Summerside	50
Lieut. Meikle, Fairville	50
Lieut. Pemberton, Bridgewater	50
Capt. Richards, Bridgewater	50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newmarket	50
Sergt. Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	50
Capt. Hawbold, Pictou	50
Lieut. Lebas, Pictou	50
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow	50
Capt. Thompson, Halifax I.	50
Ensign Parsons, Glace Bay	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Sergt. Wild, Glace Bay	50
M. Selig, Halifax I.	45
Lieut. Notting, Stellarton	45
Lieut. Smith, St. John III.	45
L. McFadden, Fredericton	45
Mrs. Fraser, New Glasgow	40
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Capt. Bradbury, Halifax I.	40
Lieut. A. Young, Newmarket	40
Lieut. W. Fraser, Hampton	40
Capt. Ritchie, Parrashoro	35
Lieut. Ebsary, Parrashoro	35
Mrs. Capt. Allan, St. John II.	35
Sergt. Murray, Sydney	30
Capt. Tilley, Liverpool	30
Mrs. Young, Springfield	30

Capt. Goodwin, Annapolis	30
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Digby	30
F. Adams, St. John V.	30
Capt. Hunt, Bear River	30
Lieut. Urquhart, Halifax I.	30
Lieut. McEachern, Chatham	30
M. Engham, Chatham	30
Cadet McDonald, Freepoint	25
Capt. Green, Bridgetown	25
Cadet Harding, Annapolis	25
Capt. Triffin, Summerside	25
Soc. Ellis, Charlottetown	25
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	25
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	24
Capt. Wyatt, Moncton	23
A. Thompson, Moncton	23
Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	23
Capt. Armstrong, Lunenburg	23
Capt. Mirey, St. John I.	23
Capt. Winchester, Eastport	23
Cadet Muir, North Head	21
B. Sharpham, Windsor	21
Capt. Green, Bridgetown	21
Lieut. McWilliams, Bridgetown	21
C. C. Chislett, N. Sydney	20
C. C. Maynard, N. Sydney	20
Sergt. Jones, St. John III.	20
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	20
J. Parsons, New Glasgow	20
H. White, New Glasgow	20
J. Sparks, New Glasgow	20
Mrs. Marshall, Digby	20
Capt. Green, Sussex	20
Lieut. Muthrough, Eastport	20
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	20
Sergt. Keller, St. George's	20
Capt. Clark, St. George's	20
Lieut. Murray, St. George's	20
Capt. Greenland, Woodstock	20
Capt. Bowering, Campbellton	20
Capt. Perry, North Head	20
T. Fairweather, St. John III.	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.

Lieut. Crawford, Woodstock	235
Lieut. Kitchen, London	235
Lieut. Knuckle, Woodstock	130
Lieut. G. Yeomans, Wingham	130
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	105
Lieut. Watson, Blenheim	100
Ensign Hollett, Galt	85
Capt. Hamilton, Wallaceburg	80
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford	75
Capt. Hunter, Clinton	75
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	75
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich	75
Annie Wright, Ingersoll	75
Lieut. Cardy, Galt	75
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	75
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	70
Capt. Haley, Sarnia	70
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	65
Lieut. Plant, Watford	65
Capt. Brooks, Berlin	60
Ensign Slater, Stratford	60
P. S. M. Bena, Petrolia	60
Capt. Hockin, Forest	55
Mrs. Richards, Goderich	55
Treas. Armstrong, Scarbrough	50
Capt. Burton, Dresden	50
Lieut. Barney, Dresden	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	50
Ensign Holman, Essex	50
Lieut. Edwards, Ridgeway	50
Capt. Jordan, Hespeier	50
Mrs. Thomas, Wingham	50
Adj. Wakefield, London	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Adj. Blackburn, Simcoe	50
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	45
Capt. Coleman, Paris	45
Adj. McGillivray, Brantford	45
Ensign Gamble, Goderich	45
Capt. Coe, Ingersoll	45
Lieut. Yeomans, Essex	45
Lieut. Fenner, Palmerston	45
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	45
Lieut. Stickella, Listowel	40
Ensign Howcroft, Ridgeway	40
Capt. Gibson, Norwich	40
Lieut. Pickle, Norwich	40
Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	40
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	40
S. M. White, Essex	40
Sec. Copp, Seaforth	37
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	37
Sergt. Cutting, Essex	35
Capt. White, Chatham	30
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	30
Capt. Thompson, Thorndon	30
Bro. McCall, Dryton	30
Sister B. Blackwell, Petrolia	30
C. C. L. Dickson, St. Thomas	30
Sergt. Hodgins, Windsor	29
Lieut. Winter, Wingham	28
Lieut. Craft, Goderich	26
Lieut. Heide, Windsor	25
Rhoda Keeler, Windsor	25
P. S. M. Denlinger, Hespeier	25
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Sister Christner, Petrolia	25
Bro. Heide, Sarnia	25
Lieut. Greenbridge, Hespeier	25
Bro. Smith, London	25
Bro. McDonald, Dryton	22

Cadet Downing, Stratford	22
Eva Simpson, Goderich	21
Bro. Musgrove, Wexeter	20
S. M. McDougall, Goderich	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20
Stanley Gammag, Chatham	20
Fred Talbot, Ridgeway	20
J. S. S. M. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	20
P. S. S. M. Galt, Wingham	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Capt. Harman, Hallowell	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

73 Hustlers.

Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Pictou	185
P. S. M. Barber, Burlington	180
P. S. M. Duddy, Ottawa	127
Lieut. Hicks, St. Johnsbury	125
Adj. Moore, Kingston	85
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	81
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	75
Sergt. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Capt. Barlick, Cornwall	75
Capt. Woods, Cornwall	72
Cadet-Lieut. Bryan, Gananoque	70
Capt. Green, Trenton	70
Sergt. Burke, Belleville	70
Capt. McNamoy, Sherbrooke	70
Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro	67
Capt. Hickman, Pembroke	67
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	67
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Lieut. Grosier, Port Hope	55
Adj. Babbington, Peterboro	55
Sergt. Sharer, Montreal I.	55
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Adj. Dunwoody, Cobourg	50
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For Band THE AMBULANCE

Bandage for the Eyes (Binoculars)

As an alternative to the bandage given in the last issue, the following may be used. The width of this is about the width of the binoculars.

APPLICATION.—If the binoculars are to be bandaged, stand holding them, make several circular turns around the binoculars, then, when the bandage is round behind again, pass downward below the right eye, up over the inner part of the eye, around the head, partly over the ear, make previously made. The bandage may be carried below the ear again, until the whole eye is covered. The end may then be carried around the head.

Before applying this bandage should be covered with a cotton cloth.

For Band of Love Workers.

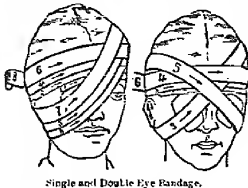
THE AMBULANCE CLASS.

Bandage for the Eyes (Single).

As an alternative to the admirable bandage given in the last chapter, the following may be used. The length and width of this is about the same as the circular one for the forehead.

APPLICATION.—If the right eye is to be bandaged, stand behind the patient, make several circular turns about the forehead, then, when the bandage is brought round behind again, it should pass downward below the right ear, and up over the inner part of the eye, and around the head, partly covering the ears previously made. The bandage may be carried below the ear and back again, until the whole eye is covered. The end may then be confined by one circular turn.

Before applying this bandage the eye should be covered with a compress of cotton.



Single and Double Eye Bandage.

When both eyes are to be covered, the bandage should be somewhat larger, and every other turn should be carried under the left ear, covering the left eye also. This may be used wherever the bandages cross each other, as the various turns are liable to slip on each other unless they are thus secured.

Bandage for the Chin.

This bandage should be one and a half inches wide and about nine yards long.

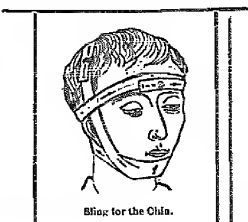
Standing at the back of the patient, the end of the bandage is placed just over the left eyebrow, and fastened by one horizontal turn around the head, then passing down to and below the right ear, and beneath the chin, and upward over the left side of the face, just covering the left ear. Two more turns are to be made over the top of the head and underneath the chin, each turn including a little more of the anterior part of the chin. The bandage is now to be continued around behind the neck, and in a slanting direction, over the head, and round the forehead as before, and then, again below the right ear and across the front of the chin and around the neck, drawing this part quite snug, and repeating, then passing under the chin and up on the left side of the face, bringing the bandage to the top of the head and confine it by several circular turns. The various turns may be arranged to suit each individual case.

It is used for fracture of the lower jaw, and for holding poultices to the side of the face, etc.

If any turns be made about the neck, care should be taken that they be not drawn tight enough to interfere with the circulation.

Slit for the Chin.

Take a piece of muslin about four feet long and five inches wide. Double it, and tear it from the middle of each end to within two inches of the centre. This forms a four-tailed bandage.



Slit for the Chin.

Standing at the back of the patient, place the centre of the bandage (the

part not torn) on the point of the chin; bring the two upper ends backward, crossing at the nape of the neck and then pass the forward on the side of the head to the forehead, where they are



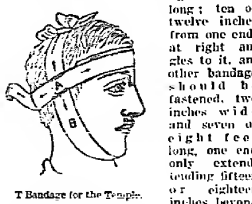
Bandage for the Chin.

fastened. Now take the two lower ends, carry them upward and slightly backward, so they come just in front of the ears; carry them to the top of the head, where they meet and are fastened.

This bandage is much simpler than the one shown in the preceding figure, and answers the same purpose, but it is more apt to slip.

T Bandage for the Temple.

For this, two pieces of cloth are needed, one two to four inches wide and three feet



long; ten or twelve inches from one end, at right angles to it, another bandage should be fastened, two inches wide and seven or eight feet long, one end only extending fifteen or eighteen inches beyond the point of junction.

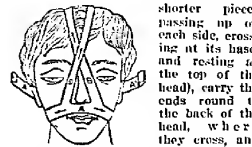
USE.—Place the point of junction of the bandage over the temple injured in such a manner that the wide part of the bandage is perpendicular as regards the head; the short part is to be brought to the top of the head, and the long end around under the chin and fastened to the opposite end. The narrow part of the bandage is now carried around the head horizontally, the short end being confined by the horizontal turns.

It is used for confining dressings to the side of the head and neck.

Double T Bandage for the Nose.

Take a muslin bandage seven to eight feet long and one inch wide. At the centre of this, about one inch from each other, and at right angles to the first, cut two other strips, each two and a half feet long by three-quarters of an inch wide.

Standing behind the patient, place the centre of the main bandage beneath the nose (the two



Bandage for the Nose.

shorter pieces passing up on each side, crossing at its base, and resting at the top of the head, carry the ends round to the back of the head, where they cross, and are again brought around to the forehead, where they may be confined, after taking several circular turns about the head. The ends passing over the top of the head may pass down behind and be pinned to the main bandage. This bandage is of special use in keeping dressings about the nose in position.

Bandage for the Neck.

This is a bandage one and one-half inches wide and as long as may be necessary. One end is placed at the neck, low down, and circular turns are made, covering it, and gradually covering the neck up to the jaw.

Great care should be taken that the turns are not drawn too tight, so as to impede the circulation in the superficial veins of the neck. Its uses are obvious,

MISSING

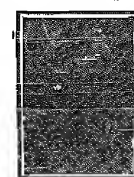
First Insertion.

MANYWEATHER, DAVID. Age 50. Height 5 feet 8 inches; dark eyes and complexion. Was sent out to Canada prison. Last heard of ten years ago, supposed to be farming. Friends would like news of him.

BATTY, JOHN. Age 39; height 5 ft. 7 in.; black hair; dark eyes; fresh complexion. Last heard of ten years ago, on Vancouver Island. English friends enquire.

MAUGER, PHILLIP and NICKOLAS, PHILLIP. aged 60; height 5 ft. 8 in.; fair complexion; plasterer by trade; last heard of in Jersey, Channel

Second Insertion.



(This photo was inserted as Palmer lately, by mistake.)

PEARSON, A. R. T. H. U. R. Age 31, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion. Trade, painter and glazier. Supposed to have gone to some foreign country. Wife very anxious.

Islands. **NICKOLAS,** age 30; height, 5 ft. 4 in.; dark complexion and mustache; last heard of as above. Friends enquire.

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George Washington.
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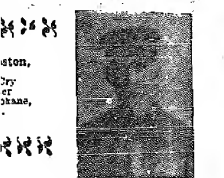
Frances Willard.
Sir Samuel Baker.
David Livingstone.
Abraham Lincoln.
John Bunyan.
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Prince of the House of David.
Sleeping Heavenly.
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u cannot dream yourself into a actor; you must hammer and e yourself into one.



SONGS OF THE WEEK



Holiness.

Tune.—I will not let Thee go (B.J. 27);
Open and let the Master in (B.J. 52).
1 My God, I know that Thou art mine.
But, oh, when shall it be,
That I shall be entirely Thine,
And find my all in Thee?

Chorus.

I will not, will not, will not let Thee go.
For Thou art mine, and I am Thine.
I will not let Thee go.

Thou canst not dwell in any heart
Where doubtful things abide;
Where idols take up any part,
Thou canst not there reside.

Here, Lord, I part with all that stands
Between my soul and Thee;
Enter my heart, burst all its bands,
And set me fully free.

Make me the vessel Thou canst use,
Holy, and pure, and clean;
Then send me forth with power renewed,
The dying world to win.

Nothing but Thy Blood.

Tune.—Nothing but Thy blood can save me (B.J. 83).

2 Jesus, see me at Thy feet.
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

Chorus.

No! no! Nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Me unpardoned do not leave,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

Dark, indeed the past has been,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Yet, in mercy, take me in,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

As I am, O hear me pray,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
I can come no other way,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

All that I can do is vain,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
I can never remove a stain,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
From my guilt, oh, set me free,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

War and Experience.

Tune.—Amen, we sing and we shout (R. J. 69).

3 To serve old Satan was once my game,
But now I'm saved through the Saviour's name;
He took away all my sin and shame,
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

Chorus.

Amen! Amen! we sing and shout,
Christ is in and the devil's out;
He turned our faces right about,
Down at the Mercy Seat.

'Twas there with broken heart I bowed,
'Twas there for mercy I cried aloud,

'Twas there I joined the blood-washed crowd,
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

'Twas there I made the Lord my choice,
'Twas there I heard His pardoning voice,
'Twas there my heart did first rejoice,
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

'Twas there my heart was washed so white,
'Twas there I felt that all was right,
'Twas there I started out to fight,
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

The Fountain.

Tune.—Draw me nearer (B.J. 14).
4 There's a dear old song that I love to sing,
So delightful, sweet, and good;
'Tis the one which thousands of saints
Call'd the "Fountain fill'd with Blood."

Chorus.

Oh, the Fountain, Fountain! How I love to sing
Of the precious, crimson flood;
Oh, the Fountain, Fountain! Help me now to sing
Of the "Fountain fill'd with Blood."

Up in heaven above, round the shining throne,
There's a countless multitude
Who have washed their robes and made them white
In the "Fountain fill'd with Blood."

There are thousands, too, in our ranks to-day
Who on hell's dark brink once stood;
But now they are washed, and, rejoicing,
sing,
"There's a Fountain filled with Blood."

How I love to think of that happy hour
When I gave my heart to God;
When, by faith, I "plunged" my polluted soul
In the "Fountain filled with Blood."

Oh, that every sinner within this place
Now, in downright earnest, would
Just arise and come, at the Saviour's call,
To the "Fountain filled with Blood."

Salvation.

Tune.—Ella Rhea (B.J. 65).

5 The Judgment Day is drawing near,
In dread reality,
When all the dead God's voice shall hear,
And rise from land and sea.

Chorus.

Then for this awful day prepare,
Repent, and turn to God;
His life He gave,
He longs to save,
And wash you in His blood.

Oh, what a countless host shall then
Before the Judge appear,
Waiting with joy or guilty dread
Their final doom to hear.

Those hidden things revealed shall be,
And secrets brought to light;
Their sinful course shall sinners see,
And tremble at the sight.

Those opportunities abused,
By God in mercy given;
The Spirit's voice so long refused,
That would have led to heaven.

Oh, ere your every chance is fled,
Yield to the Spirit's voice;
He calls to-day, no more delay,
But make the Lord your choice.

On Calvary's Brow.

6 On Calvary's brow my Saviour died,
'Twas there my Lord was crucified;
'Twas on the cross He bled for me,
And purchased there my pardon free.

Chorus.

O Calvary! Dark Calvary!
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,
O Calvary! Dark Calvary!
'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
My Saviour bows His head and dies;
The opening veil reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.

O Jesus, Lord, how can it be,
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me,
To bear the cross and agony,
In that dread hour on Calvary?

The Soldiers of the King.

By BRIGADIER ADJUT.

Tune.—Soldiers of the Queen.

7 We're an Army fighting in God's name,
Our bug is flying round the world;
Every soldier's song is just the same
Where'er our banner is unfurled.
All the world has heard it,
Wondered why we sang,
And some have learned the reason why.
Every soldier's song is just the same
Where'er our banner is unfurled.
All the world has heard it,
Wondered why we sang,
And some have learned the reason why.
Every soldier's song is just the same
Where'er our banner is unfurled.

Chorus.

It's the soldiers of the King, it is,
Who bring the rebels in, it is,
In the fight 'gainst sin for God and right.

All nations to the Cross we'll bring,
So when we say we're always won,
And when they ask us how it's done,
We give the glory to His Son,
And every soldier of the King.

Our old General is a mighty man,
His fame has spread through every nation.
Wooden have been wrought since he began

By his brave Army of Salvation.
How was it accomplished?
Told me how 'twas done,
Enlist our soldiers for the King,
By making them unite.

And teaching them to fight
The battle of the Master's common cause,
The battle of the Master's common cause.

So when we say our Army's matchless,
Remember Who has made it so—

We have Colonels, Majors, and the rest,
Just like the other fighting armies;
They've done deeds by which they've earned the crest,
If we had more they would not harm us,
But our sure reliance

Is upon the men
Who form the mighty rank and file,
And bear the mighty brunt
At the battle's front.

They've made our Army what it is to-day,
They've made our Army what it is to-day.

So when we say our Army's matchless,
Remember Who has made it so—



Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read

will visit Rat Portage, Thurs. Mar. 14; Winnipeg, Sat. Sun., and Mon. March 16, 17, 18; Portage la Prairie, Wed. March 20; Brandon, Thurs. March 21; Calgary, Sun., & Mon. March 24, 25; Vancouver, Thurs. to Sun. March 28 to 31; Rosland, Wed. April 3; Nelson, Thurs. April 4; Spokane, Fri., and Mon. April 7, 8; Butte, Sat. to Mon. April 12 to 15.

Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit Riverside, Sun. March 3; Yorkville, Mon. March 4; Owen Sound, Sat. Sun., and Mon. March 9, 10, 11; Orangeville, Tues. March 12; Ligar St., Wed. March 13; Lindsay, Sat. Sun., and Mon. March 16, 17, 18; Penelon Falls, Tues. March 19; Brooklin, Wed. March 20; Dovercourt, Fri. March 22.

STAFF-CAPT. and MUS. STANKON will visit Ligar St., Fri., Sat., and Sun. March 1, 2, 3; Yorkville, Sun. March 10.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON

will visit Newmarket for Sat. Sun., and Mon. March 2, 3, 4.

West Ontario Province.

THE SOUL-SAVING TROUPE will visit Palmerston, Feb. 26 to Mar. 4; Lisowad, March 5 to 11; Wingham, Mar. 12 to 18; Clinton, Mar. 19 to 25; Seaforth, Mar. 26 to April 1; Stratford, April 2 to 5.

Pacific Province.

MAJOR HARGRAVE

will visit Nelson, Sat. Sun., and Mon. March 2, 3, 4; Fernie, Tues. and Wed. March 5, 6; Kamloops, Thurs. March 21; Great Falls, Sat. and Sun. March 23, 24; Billings, Tues. and Wed. March 26, 27; Livingston, Thurs. March 28; Bozeman, Fri. March 29; Helena, Sat. Sun., and Mon. March 30, 31, April 1; Butte, Tues. and Wed. April 2, 3; Dillon, Thurs. April 4; Missoula, Fri. April 5.

Lantern Services.

ENSIGN PERRY, with "50 Degrees Below Zero" Meaford, Sat. & Sun. March 2nd & 3rd; Collingwood, Mon. March 4th; Orillia, Tuesday, March 5th; Gravenhurst, Wednesday, March 6th; Bracebridge, Thursday, March 7th; Huntsville, Friday, March 8th; North Bay, Sat. & Sun. March 9th & 10th.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT, with "Tel. the Station-Master," Heseler, Sat. & Sun. Mar. 2nd & 3rd; Ayr, Monday, March 4th; Paris, Tuesday, March 5th; Brantford, Wed. & Thurs. March 6th & 7th; Norwich, Fri., Sat. & Sun. March 8th, 9th & 10th.

ENSIGN STAGGER with "A Drunken Mother," Hannah, Sat. Sun. Mon. March 2nd, 3rd & 4th; Morden, Tues. Wed. March 5th & 6th; Portage la Prairie, Thurs. & Fri. March 7th & 8th; Dauphin, Sat. & Sun. Mar. 9th & 10th.

CAPTAIN POOLE, with "Mistakes of the War," Montreal, L. Sat. & Sun. March 2nd & 3rd; Joe Beer's, Monday, March 4th; Quebec, Tues. & Wed. March 5th & 6th; St. Roch, Thurs. March 7th; Newport, Fri. March 8th; St. Johnsbury, Sat. & Sun. March 9th & 10th.